Week ending April 21 1951 Every Thursday Fourpence

John Bull

Fighting Haemophilia, Mystery Disease

by IAN BEVAN

J. B. PRIESTLEY'S GREAT SERIAL
"Festival at Farbridge"

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

The BOSS came to dinner

Philip, I wish Mr. Ashton wasn't coming tonight – I never felt less like entertaining

Well, dear, if I'm to get the overseas department, we'll have to entertain a lot. You'll be all right. See you at 7·30

AND – THAT EVENING

Darling, what's wrong – dinner's awfully late, isn't it?

Oh, don't worry me Philip! I'm doing my best, but everything's going wrong

...and I sank a good putt

(THINKS) Help, what a miserable evening!... poor old Lee...

(THINKS) Too bad of Jane to mess this up...

(THINKS) If only he'd stop talking golf.. why do I always feel so tired...

...how could you, Jane! You know how important it was...

Oh, I'm sick of your overseas department. Oh, Philip, I'm sorry I couldn't cope, but I'm always so tired. I really think I must see a doctor

AT THE DOCTOR'S

...even wake tired, after 8 or 9 hours' sleep, doctor

That's **shallow** sleep! Psychology has shown us that there are different levels of sleep, just as there are different levels of consciousness. Unless your sleep reaches down into your subconscious mind – you **will** wake tired! Take Horlicks every night. It will help you get complete relaxation of body. With every muscle, every nerve and tissue at rest, you'll get the **profound** sleep that does reach down into your subconscious mind. You'll wake refreshed!

AND SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT

SOME TIME LATER

Idiot! Road hog!

Take an hour or two, sir

Mr. Ashton! You and Mr. Duprés must come back to supper at my house

Er – thank you, Lee

(THINKS) Much rather go to some pub... remembering the last time!

Is that the time? We **must** go, Duprés. It's been a pleasant evening, Mrs. Lee

(THINKS) I was wrong about Mrs. Lee! To turn up trumps in our emergency like this was grand. I wonder if Lee is willing to take over the overseas department

Yes, a charming evening, Madame

(THINKS) What a difference Horlicks made!

Yes, I got the overseas department – and old Ashton often comes to see us now. A wife **can** help her husband's career – but at one time Jane let me down badly. It wasn't her fault, poor dear, it was that awful tiredness – and the doctor had the answer to **that**! He said that only profound sleep – sleep that reaches right down into your subconscious – really refreshes you. And he advised Horlicks, to get the complete bodily relaxation that **gives** profound sleep. And what a difference Horlicks made!

HORLICKS

EDITORIAL

Hushing our voice overseas is a false economy

EFFORTS TO CUT Government spending are generally to be praised at a time when prices are rising and everybody is hard up. But there is one exception—and it is economy at the expense of the foreign services of the B.B.C.

When the reduction in the grant for these services was debated in Parliament recently, it unfortunately became the subject of Party controversy. It ought to be above the differences between the political parties.

The total "saving" of £35,000 net is about one five-thousandth of the estimated cost of rearmament over the next three years!

Rearmament is the unavoidable practical answer to the Communist menace to our Western way of life. But it would be useless unless we had also a moral answer. That moral answer must be our declaration of faith in the superiority of our system of democratic freedom over the tyranny of the Soviet.

The battle of ideas is in the end really more far-reaching and fundamental than the immediate rivalry of tanks and guns, ships and planes.

And in the battle of ideas our sharpest weapon is the spoken word broadcast over the radio.

Yet the cost is small enough. Last year, the Treasury paid £4,500,000 to the B.B.C. for its overseas and European services, which allowed for only about ten programme-hours a week in the Russian, Czech and Slovene languages out of a total of 230 hours of broadcasting to the world. It is suggested that the pittance of ten hours is enough, and that other overseas broadcasts should be cut by seventy hours.

IN contrast, our Allies the Americans spare no effort and pull no punches in the war of the short waves. President Truman has asked Congress not to cut its dollar grant for propaganda broadcasting but to increase it by £35,000,000—a thousand times the amount of the miserable economy sought for such services by the British Treasury!

The Americans are already bombarding the Iron Curtain with broadcasts all round the clock, and the world hears the Voice of America—as her foreign service is called—for 400 hours weekly.

The Voice of America is to ring out louder and clearer than ever in the coming year. Be assured that the Russians will respond in kind, and that the two rival giants will clash fiercely in this strange struggle to conquer men's souls and minds.

Our potential enemies are in no doubt whatever about the importance of radio propaganda. So concerned are the Russians that Western ideas should not penetrate the Iron Curtain that they have equipped the vast territories under their sway with a network of 500 powerful transmitters simply to "jam" the programmes directed by the democratic Powers to the Communist half of the world.

The Russians and their satellites between them are also themselves broadcasting more than 600 programme hours weekly into nations which put up no jamming defences at all.

How much of the Allied broadcasting effort bears fruit, in spite of Soviet jamming, in actual reception among listeners in the Communist countries?

Proportionately there are fewer than half as many listeners in Russia as in Britain. Of 11,000,000 licensed sets, 8,000,000 are fed by their local relay services, strictly controlled by the Soviet authorities. But the other 3,000,000 can be reached, at least for some of the time. Even the Russians can't jam all the ether all of the time.

Each of those three million free sets is a possible source of enlightenment against the Kremlin's tyranny. Each can spread at least one truth—that nobody on our side of the Iron Curtain seeks war.

This is surely the time not to draw back from the battle of ideas and ideologies but to press on with all our power to win it.

We have to get through the curtain to the doped masses in the Soviet lands; we also have to reach the hostile minorities in friendly countries and the waverers on the fringes of the Soviet dominion.

Never were the prospects for the success of intensive radio propaganda brighter. Communism is losing ground outside its heavily curtained homelands. In Europe, from France to Albania, its grip on the people is slipping. In the East its march has been halted.

Far from cutting our expenditure on radio warfare — which might better be called peacefare—we should now be increasing it. For, however many battles we may win against Communism in Korea or nearer home, they will be won in vain unless we prove to all men that our way of life offers far more happiness than Communism to ordinary people everywhere.

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See what happens

when you drop a Disprin tablet into water. It does not merely disintegrate, it dissolves... *Note that:*

IT DISSOLVES

Now, because 'Disprin' enters the stomach in a true solution and not as a suspension of almost insoluble acid particles, it is more rapidly absorbed by the system.

And being far less acid, it is unlikely to cause gastric discomfort of any kind.

The best way to take Disprin is in water, though its soothing, pain-relieving effect will be the same whichever way you take it.

DISPRIN is recommended for all those conditions in which aspirin would have been taken.

From all chemists. 50-tablet bottle 3/4, 26-tablet bottle 2/-, pocket pack 8 tablets 9d.

IS YOUR NAME

SMITH?

If so, there is a feature of special interest to you in the May issue of World Digest. If your name is Jones, Brown, Robinson or any other name this feature will tell you what the Smiths have been up to.

In Great Britain there are 800,000 Smiths; 26 die every day.
Scotland probably has more Smiths in proportion to population than any other country.
No Smith has ever reigned as Pope or served as Archbishop of Canterbury.

WORLD DIGEST

NOW ON SALE—ONE SHILLING

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
April 21, 1951 VOL. 89 No. 2338 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

Now, take this glass

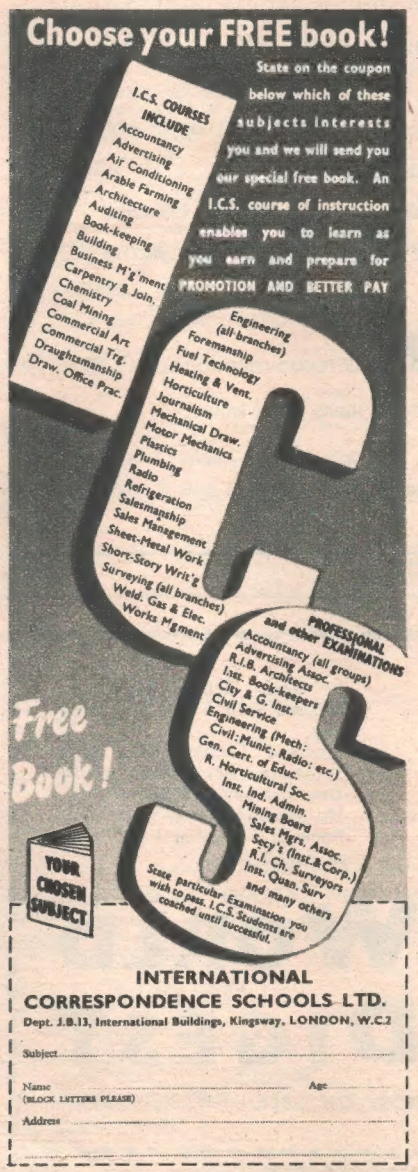
If you want to, taste all the orange squashes on the market, with or without gin . . . you'll find there's only one that gives you **Schwepperfection** (*that's* a secret between Schweppes and ripe golden oranges)

Schweppes

Fruit Squashes

True-to-the-Fruit

Orange. Lemon. Grapefruit.
Lime Juice Cordial (3/- per bottle)
Lemon Barley (2/9 per bottle)



FREE SPEECH

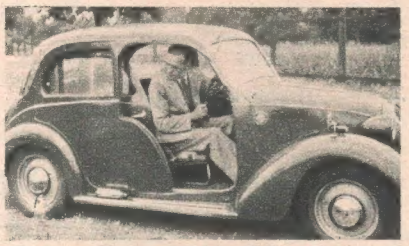
What adds up to a man of the world?

AS A STUDENT I HAVE supplemented my pocket money since I was fourteen by doing vocational work. I have worked at farms and camps, spent six weeks in a dye factory, worked during Christmas as a postman, and served as an orderly in a mental hospital. I have hiked across most of Britain, hitch-hiked across France, and this year hope to visit Switzerland.

Yet, at twenty-one, I still meet people who tell me: "Jump out of your nappy and see something of the world." If "seeing the world" means visiting the vice-spots of Cairo, knowing how to jive and being incapable of discussing anything but women, football and dancing, then I prefer my baby clothes any day. —UNIVERSITY STUDENT, Liverpool.

An Idea For Cars

ROAD ACCIDENTS ARE often caused by carelessly opened off-side doors and by rear-seat passengers stepping out into the path of overtaking traffic. Incorporating a single sliding door for the



Sidney Mobbs in his sliding-door car

driver and two hinged doors on the near side, without an intervening pillar, for passengers, the car body design which I have devised should reduce the road toll. It encourages the driver to keep to his near side when depositing passengers, and it should provide more room in garages and car parks.—SIDNEY W. NOBBS, 60 Grove Walk, Norwich.

Edwin Fox, president of the Institute of British Carriage and Automobile Manufacturers, comments: "The idea would be costly to incorporate in a modern car. It would mean adding weight to the body, which affects the performance of a low-horsepower model. If a car were stationary on a gradient, the driver would have to push the door uphill to open it."

Bob-a-Job: Is It Cadging?

BOY SCOUTS WOULD be better engaged doing farmwork, to aid their funds, than taking part in the present bob-a-job scheme. The bob-a-job plan subjects the boys to exploitation by some people, while, at the other end of the scale, the kindhearted, having no real job to give, pay money for nothing or for worthless work. This, coupled with the rebuffs that some of the boys suffer, makes the whole thing savour of cadging.—MRS. M. MORRIS, Surrey.

Life On Little Can Be Sweet

SPEAKING AT A CONFERENCE, a woman challenged a thousand men delegates "to go out and do the shopping and make ends meet on present day wages." The joint income of her and her husband, she added, was £10 a week. My wife and I have a total weekly income of £2 18s.—old age pension plus 16s. a week allowance I receive as a sufferer from silicosis, contracted during forty years' mining. I do our shopping; my wife does the cooking and housework. She is an excellent cook, so we never want for little luxuries, such as cakes and fruit tarts. The only thing we cannot afford is waste. We own our own house and never neglect necessary repairs. Our rates are £8 15s. a year, and to meet this and other expenses we put a little bit into the savings bank whenever we can. We have brought up six children, and, although times were often hard, they were always well fed and clothed. We have always worked as a team. The trouble with a lot of young wives today is that they grab a man before they have learned their proper trade, which is housekeeping.—A. C. CAMPBELL, 93 Manor Road, Hastings, Sussex.

Away With Bric-a-Brac!

IF THE SHORTAGE of non-ferrous metals is really so serious, the time has surely come to establish dumps in every town for the collection of the appalling mess

of brass and copper ornaments and vases that clutter up so many British homes. I daresay many of these articles are the housewives' pride and joy, but what better fate could they meet than to be sacrificed on the altar of national safety?—A. J. ASHBY, 7 Devonshire Buildings, Bath.

"Festival At Farbridge"

WHY, IN *Festival at Farbridge*, does J. B. Priestley fall into the trap, common to writers, of portraying local government officers as irresolute ninnies and members of a local council as incompetent, often ignorant, personalities? Having served as a local government officer for many years, I have never met a town clerk of the type of "nervous . . . worried" Mr. Meare. Usually a town clerk is something of a little dictator with much control over his mayor.—A. E. TURNER, 28 Westfield Road, Leicester.

. . . I am disappointed with *Festival at Farbridge*. Priestley has travelled a long way as a serious writer since *The Good Companions*, but I feel that the attempt to return to an earlier vein has failed. Dickens failed in an attempt to re-create characters from *Pickwick Papers*. I suggest that a writer of Priestley's stature should be content to let his genius take its own course, and not try to put back the clock. Or am I suffering from postwar *ennui*, of which Priestley himself complained in a recent essay? — R. PHILLIPS, Treworgans, Cubert, Newquay, Cornwall.

. . . *Festival at Farbridge* is even better than *The Good Companions*. The story has a quality which has not appeared before in JOHN BULL serials, many of which have been set in some foreign country with swarthy and cunning characters. Priestley's story captures and holds *our* scene in Britain today. Certainly Priestley proves himself the premier writer of our time.—HAMISH S. ANDERSON, 31 Chamberlain Street, St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland.

Getting A Better Job

SURELY THE ABILITY to play in the works sports team or star in a concert party—unfair aids to promotion at work, according to a "Free Speech" correspondent—does, in fact, show the energy and initiative required for high positions. A few people may ingratiate themselves into better posts, but the conscientious worker who "cannot be spared" often lacks the qualities needed in important jobs, and rarely covets the responsibility.—E. L. W., Birmingham.

Soccer Example . . .

ON A VISIT to Switzerland, we watched, from the balcony of our hotel, a soccer match between two teams of boys—average age twelve. Throughout the game, not a single decision of the referee was questioned. The referee's age? Twelve. This puts to shame the gross abuse of referees on some of our professional grounds. After all, someone's decision must be final.—REV. L. G. H. FARLEY, Lewannick Vicarage, Launceston, Cornwall.

. . . Soccer Complaint

NEAR OUR HOUSE is a common. The other day, my brother and I went there to play football. After playing for a minute or two, we were told by a keeper to "clear off." Well, where are we to play? If we go in the streets, there is the danger of getting knocked down or breaking windows. And if we stay indoors, we're told to get out into the fresh air and "enjoy" ourselves.—ROY PROUDLEY (aged 15), 13 Admaston Road, London, S.E.18.

Farmers Aren't Fools

THE READER WHO COMPLAINED in "Free Speech" that farm implements are left out in the fields should realize: (1) that the building of houses should take priority over sheds for implements; (2) that at sowing time every minute of fine weather is precious, so that time cannot be wasted in transporting seed drills, usually too wide to be moved along roads; (3) that most farmers are both business men and engineers, and have more sense than wantonly to expose their implements to the weather.—R. H. CALLENDER, B.Sc.(Agric.), Leeds.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"MY father's garden shed seems to be a favourite nesting place for robins," says cover artist Thomas Sherwood La Fontaine. "Every season we find them in some odd corner. They ignore the old hat hung up for them, preferring to nest in old deckchairs or bags of beans." This is La Fontaine's first John Bull cover. Thirty-five, of Huguenot descent, he is married, lives in Chelsea.

PIERRE BALMAIN

"That exhilarating first moment . . ."

LOVE CAN LIGHT UP AT A GLANCE as a cigarette lights up at a flame. That exhilarating first moment may be followed by years of quiet satisfaction, deepening into unshakable loyalty. So it is with those who prefer Craven 'A' to any other cigarettes on earth. Because their rich tobacco, so kind to the throat, and their *natural* cork tip, so kind to the lips, make them a perpetual pleasure, to smoke.

Those who smoke Craven 'A' seldom care for other cigarettes

London's full of things to see — and that hair of his should be classed as one of the sights! But one look tells you that it's Dry Scalp that's the trouble. Dull, lifeless hair, that never-combed look, dandruff on his shoulder—a clear case for 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic!

Wouldn't think it was the same fellow, would you, now that he's ended Dry Scalp with crystal-clear 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic? It's the hair tonic and dressing that men need to supplement their natural scalp oils. Just a 20-second daily massage does the trick — but don't just rub, move your whole scalp. This amazing oil treatment ends Dry Scalp and keeps your hair well-groomed all day. It's so pure—and so economical, too!

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

* "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

2526-7

THESE DOGS HAVE one thing in common. They're in lovely condition. That's the reason for their bright eyes, handsome coats and friendly alertness.

NEVER THIS!

Every dog owner has seen this sorry sight at some time — an unhappy listless dog, leaving his food uneaten, continually scratching. Don't let *your* dog get like that!

Condition counts!

DOES YOUR DOG look as fit and as well-cared-for as these? If not, it's because of *your* neglect.

Food and regular exercise are not enough. There are certain essentials which every dog must have every day to be really fit. Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets contain Vitamin D, and calcium, Vitamins of the B group and iron together with other essential mineral elements.

Give one Bob Martin's once every day to *your* dog or puppy, and watch the difference it makes as he comes into condition. His tail will wag his thanks! From all chemists and pet shops.

Daily Bob Martin's — doggy good health

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Without obligation reserve in my name **"MODERN WOMAN'S HOME DOCTOR"** and send my Privilege Invoice.

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Firmly affix 1d. stamp here to bring Privilege Certificate and Invoice with FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

It now behoves every woman to *choose* her toilet roll rather than accept just anything that may be offered. British No. 3 Toilet Rolls are made from 100% pure white M.G. sulphite paper, and contain approximately 400 full-sized sheets to the roll. This roll is really good value. . . .

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TOILET ROLL

Obtainable from most Stationers, Grocers, Chemists, Stores, etc.

MY CHILD?

NEVER!

It's nobody's fault: any child, unfortunately, can pick up head lice. There is no need to reproach yourself or worry about it. One application of SULEO HAIR EMULSION will clear the most heavily infested head. *Rapid in action—harmless to hair and scalp—non-irritant—undetectable after use.* Guaranteed completely non-inflammable.

SULEO the SAFE remedy

Obtainable from all Chemists 2/2 a bottle

IT'S A JEYES PRODUCT

At the mouth of the mine, old Joao stood up and kissed Maria. Their plan might work—but he knew that he would never see her, or Alejandro, again

WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES

by KEM BENNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

As the police closed in, the man and the girl played their last card. She knew what to expect: if it failed, they would both be buried alive

ALEJANDRO PERAZA SAT IN THE full heat of the sun and stared with detestation at the filthy bandage encircling his left wrist. It was a legacy from the breath-taking moment when he had leaped from a moving train near Lisbon. It was also a reminder that he was a fugitive outcast, irrevocably denied access to the world of clean dressings and hot baths and medical attention.

Presently he looked up and saw Maria Isabel coming up the path behind the derelict building, which had once housed a compressor when the mine was in use. She walked with a young resilience which made climbing seem effortless. The scarf around her head was stirring in the small breeze, and her sun-touched arms and straight legs were brown against her plain green dress. He smiled at the sight of her, because it meant that she had succeeded in doing the things he had needed her to do, and because the sight of her reminded him that he loved her above all other things on earth.

Loving her, he was overjoyed that she should be with him, yet appalled that she should be in danger. Since she had chosen the danger of his company, however, he could not now send her away. She had caught the germ of his outlawry. She figured as disastrously as he did in the police files in Lisbon.

A few paces behind Maria Isabel, old Joao Perreira was limping up the steep, stony, dust-bedevilled path. His limp was less crippling than it appeared to be. He was a hard, brave, hook-nosed old man who had the wisdom to love Maria Isabel as a daughter. Alejandro was warmed within by the sight of him.

In a minute or two the climbers reached Alejandro, standing now in the black mouth of the mine with welcome in his eyes. "Querida Maria. I was waiting for you," he said, and she put her arms about him. He knew suddenly that without Maria he would have cut his own throat weeks ago. She was the mainspring of his life. He kissed her fiercely, then turned to Joao, who

Continued on page 22

Sir Gladwyn and the dragon

by GEOFFREY BOCCA

No one quite understands the phenomenal Jebb craze that swept the U.S. when the new St. George tilted at Russia's spokesman

"The Pin-up Boy of the United Nations."

NEW YORK

TAKE A CERTAIN three months out of the life of Sir Gladwyn Jebb, British delegate to the United Nations, and the story of his fifty-one years could be covered adequately in a couple of inches of *Who's Who*. It was in those three months in the autumn of last year that Jebb became an international celebrity, achieving a moment of glory that only a handful of diplomats have enjoyed in the past and few will enjoy again. And no one is more surprised about the whole thing than Sir Gladwyn Jebb himself.

When he arrived at Lake Success last June, he was so little known that an American journalist mistook him for a delegation secretary and asked him if he could arrange an interview with Jebb. His solemn reply was: "Sir Gladwyn does not believe that a diplomat should have any publicity."

This was the gentle irony of a man who had had little contact with the Press in his past life and expected little more in the future. He took his place quietly in the Security Council, where Russia's Jacob Malik was president for a month and America's Warren Austin was fuming helplessly over the war in Korea, which was going badly for the U.N. forces. On August 2, Sir Gladwyn rose in front of the television cameras to answer Malik's complaints of "American aggression." He talked mildly of the "queer upside-down language" of the Russians. He raised his slightly Mephistophelian eyebrows and said "Good gracious me, are we really to believe that boys from Iowa and Colorado now sitting in foxholes at Chinju are out like Ghengis Khan to enslave the world?"

Briton Who Spoke For America

Analysed, it was not particularly brilliant stuff, but it echoed clearly and concisely what all America was thinking. By nightfall Sir Gladwyn Jebb had emerged as the spokesman of the free world, the pin-up boy of the United Nations and a new St. George who had tilted at the Russian dragon.

American television, which in the past had thrown to fame phoney wrestlers like Gorgeous George, bosomy announcers like Faye Emerson and garish semi-sports like the roller-skating Derby, suddenly had a new star attraction and he was, of all things, a bored-looking British diplomat with an Old Etonian tie and a B.B.C. accent. But to a friend, Jebb commented: "As soon as the subject switches from Korea to Irish partition, just watch my popularity fade."

Sir Gladwyn was more than half right. The subject did not switch from Korea but Korea itself switched, and Jebb found himself expressing an official British point of view that Americans did not like so much. When China entered the Korean war and American bitterness against the Chinese Communists reached a dangerous peak of hysteria, Jebb continued calmly to advocate Britain's policy of patience, caution and a seat at the U.N. for Communist China. He was called an appeaser and even a Communist, but on the whole his past popularity carried him and still carries him along.

The Jebb craze was a phenomenon that astonished even experienced British observers of the American scene. Jebb and his Security Council tussles with Jacob Malik became the favourite television fare of the nation. An estimated fifteen million Americans watched him devastate Malik's slow-moving arguments with his wit and logic. During one period of a few weeks, more than a thousand fan letters poured into his office in the British Consulate on the 61st floor of the Empire State Building. One girl wrote: "Thank you for standing by our boys who are giving their all. I am an incurable hero-worshipper and you are at the top of my list."

A nun in Ohio wrote: "Please keep up your courage and stand for righteousness." A woman in Austin, Texas, urged him to take American citizenship: "Then Warren Austin can run for President and you can run for Vice-President." From a woman in Detroit: "Maybe I've been wrong about men; if you're so wonderful perhaps the male creature as a whole isn't so bad. Signed, Mrs. ——. P.S.—Bet you thought I was an old maid!" A man in Illinois wrote: "You say things just the way I would if I could."

That certainly was one of Jebb's secrets. Everything that had to be said he said beautifully. He was made to look all the better on television because Warren Austin was so often fussy and bad-tempered when he tried to stand up to the stony Malik. Malik himself fitted perfectly the American conception of an arch villain. In every flutter of oratory and thud of propaganda, Jebb remained cool, intelligent and superbly photogenic, sometimes scribbling furiously to add a last telling item to his speech, sometimes immersed in a copy of *Punch*.

"Satan Rebuking Sin"

When Malik complained about America's treatment of political prisoners, Jebb replied: "From a country which maintains millions of its compatriots in slave labour, that is as nauseating a spectacle as that of Satan rebuking Sin." Jebb was always ostentatiously unable to mouth combinations like the Central People's Government of the People's Republic of China. "As for the People's—ah—um—what do you call it? Hang it all, I mean whatever it is the Chinese Communists call themselves."

These and many other quotes invariably put a stop to proceedings for minutes at a time. Once Malik was arguing endlessly whether the French translation of his speech should be postponed until the following day. Jebb said agreeably he would be happy to wait until tomorrow for the French translation. "I can dispense with the English translation, too," he added. Even Malik joined in the general guffaw. Outside the chamber the beefy Russian grinned to a British official: "Your Mister Jebb. He's very good."

All this was watched breathlessly on television sets by delighted viewers in American bars and homes. "That Jebb," chortled one whisky drinker in a Third Avenue tavern. "I'd rather watch him than the wrestlers." Even the tough reporters were impressed.

Among the millions of Jebb fans were one extra special couple—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Winchell. One day, Winchell, America's number one columnist, spotted the six foot two inch Jebb striding down Fifth Avenue and introduced himself. "He asked me to have a drink with him," said Jebb. "I didn't know it was Winchell until he invited me across to the Stork Club. We had a very pleasant chat and I straightened him out on a few points about Britain. Afterwards, I asked him to have lunch with me some time."

One Thing He Didn't Know

This meeting of the British diplomat and the frequently anti-British Winchell amused Jebb, but it had a mixed reception from others. Winchell said later he didn't like the expression "straightened out," but the columnist was mollified when he learned it had a gentler significance in English than in American. The incident annoyed Don Iddon, the *Daily Mail's* volatile columnist, to whom "anti-British" is the worst epithet in the English language. Iddon reminded Sir Gladwyn that Winchell once said of Ernest Bevin, Jebb's chief: "Bevin's operation was a failure—he recovered." Jebb stiffly denied knowledge of Winchell's reputation, but the two have never got together for lunch.

As August dragged on with blacker and blacker news coming out of Korea, Jacob Malik's turn as president of the Security Council thankfully came to an end and Jebb prepared to take over. As is customary, the retiring president threw a party for the other delegates and, as usual, the Malik dinner at the Waldorf Astoria was a mammoth affair with vodka, soup, partridge stuffed with wild rice, fresh pineapple, then steak, vegetables, ice cream and more fresh fruit. "The Russians certainly do these things well," gasped a bulging delegate.

"This isn't Russian," Jebb retorted. "This is Edwardian. It's just one more proof that the Soviet Union is forty years behind the times."

With Sir Gladwyn Jebb in the chair, Security Council business immediately speeded up. Throughout August, Malik had blocked any attempt to seat the representative of South Korea at the meeting. In his first session, Jebb, by an agile piece of rather foul play, had John M. Chang, of South Korea, seated before Malik knew what was happening.

Malik's first indication that something was being put over on him was when he saw Chang enter and walk towards a vacant place. The

Gladwyn Jebb (centre) listens to Russia's Malik. On television, he outshone the wrestlers

Vase in hand, Lady Jebb raises a laugh at a bazaar

Russian went purple—an unfortunate habit caused by his severe heart condition—waved for attention, tapped with his pencil and called out "point of order" in English. But Jebb, the new president of the Council, continued to watch Chang steadily. Not until the Korean was safely seated did Jebb turn his piercing hazel eyes on Malik and give the Russian the floor.

Immediately Malik burst into protest. "I suppose this will go on forever," Jebb sighed. Malik snapped back: "I need only one sentence to say what I've got to say." Said Jebb quickly: "I would be delighted to hear a speech of one sentence from the delegate of the Soviet Union." The audience roared with laughter. Jebb, with an expression rather like Mona Lisa's on his face, let the noise ripple round the room for nearly a minute before he tapped for silence.

In September came a change of fortunes in the Korean war. The Americans found with relief that they were able to fight back with something more than the verbal lance-points of Sir Gladwyn Jebb, and the Jebb craze tapered off somewhat. This gave Jebb the chance to attend to domestic matters. To a man like Jebb, bred in the English tradition, a private life, even in the United States, meant a combination of town and country living such as he had enjoyed for most of his life.

Flunked His First Exam

He was born in 1900 in a Gothic mansion called Firbeck Hall, near Rotherham, Yorkshire, and christened Hubert Miles Gladwyn. His father, a captain in the Yorkshire Dragoons, was a man with wander-mania. "From him," says Sir Gladwyn, "I inherited the two conflicting characteristics of a love of adventure and absolute calm. He was always travelling round the world. I wouldn't see him for ten years at a stretch. When I was seventeen, he turned up one day at Eton, asked how I was getting on, and left again. Never saw him again for years."

From Eton, Jebb went to Oxford, took a first in history, then sat for the Foreign Office examination—the stiffest in the world—and failed, flunking French by five marks. He went to Paris as unpaid honorary attaché at the British Embassy, speaking French constantly. A year later he passed the Foreign Office examination.

His first assignment was at the British Embassy in Tehran, where he bought a string of ponies and played polo—murderous exercise under the burning Persian skies. Next he became private secretary to Hugh Dalton, then Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and afterwards he went to the British Embassy in Rome for four years. Life was good for the handsome, witty young diplomat, and at twenty-nine he married Cynthia Noble, the beautiful daughter of Sir Saxton and Lady Noble, whose parties between the wars were famous.

But it was not until the second World War began that the young Mr. Gladwyn Jebb, now the father of a son and two daughters, started to move into the top rank of British diplomats. He went back to work for Hugh Dalton at the Ministry of Economic Warfare for a while, then back to the Foreign Office to plan postwar policies. He was at the history-making conferences at Quebec, Cairo, San Francisco and at the Big Three meetings at Tehran, Yalta and Potsdam. "Who is Mr. Jebb?" an American official asked at one conference. A British ambassador replied: "Jebb is an expert on clause seventeen, section c, subsection three, of just about anything you can imagine."

Wisecrack Ended A Deadlock

By 1945, Jebb was Britain's leading authority on international organizations. At Yalta his facetiousness came to the rescue of Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin when they could not agree on the date of the first meeting of the United Nations General Assembly at San Francisco. "Why not April 25," Jebb suggested. "It's my birthday." And the Big Three agreed.

After the war came the fruitless, endless conferences with the Russians, and in Jebb the Soviet diplomats found a man as stubborn and unyielding in debate as they themselves. "You've no idea how hard that boy works," said Ernest Bevin admiringly, when Jebb emerged, tired but undefeated, from a long session. During the course of these dead-end conferences, Jebb made the tentative and unenviable claim that he had spent more hours arguing with Vishinsky than any other man.

In the few hours he could snatch at a time from his work, he lived the life of an English gentleman with a town house in Mount Street, Mayfair, and a sixteenth-century house called Bramfield Hall, at Halesworth in Suffolk ("modernized in 1790," he says). He ate at the Beefsteak Club and Boodle's and read the lessons in his village church. He was an excellent horseman, a fine shot and enjoyed a sort of croquet with streamlined rules of his own.

Even if he had not been appointed British delegate to the U.N., he could have looked back on his life last year and considered his career a notable if conventional success. He was a Companion of the Order of the Bath as well as a C.M.G., and in the New Year Honours of 1949 he was knighted. He was in excellent physical shape—*Who's Who* lists his recreations as "most forms of sport"—and had an unshakeable superiority complex, which, Harold Nicolson said, was founded on an "extraordinary combination of tolerance and scorn."

But the United Nations was his greatest love; in 1946 he had had a short spell as Acting Secretary-General before Trygve Lie was appointed, and when he was offered the Lake Success post he accepted at once, although he had not had a holiday for twelve years.

When he first arrived in New York he moved into the house at Oyster Bay, Long Island, leased by his predecessor, Sir Alexander Cadogan, and kept a suite at Essex House, a smart Manhattan hotel popular with British Government officials. When Cadogan's lease expired last January he moved to Riverdale, a quiet little town in fashionable Westchester County, a few miles out of New York. There he took a house once occupied by Arturo Toscanini, with an armoury complete with dusty old suits of armour. These have now been cleared out so that the room can be used for conferences and parties.

Sir Gladwyn Jebb enjoys New York life. He lunches at the exclusive Knickerbocker and Century clubs and goes regularly to the Metropolitan Opera House. His own establishment is fairly cosmopolitan with an Italian chef, English butler and footman, Austrian maid and American chauffeur. He enjoys French or Italian food and believes in hard work but not overwork.

His Red Pencil Cuttings

He has changed since the day the American correspondent mistook him for a secretary. Sir Gladwyn today enjoys his own publicity immensely, and his private secretary keeps a large scrapbook containing everything that has been written about him since he arrived in New York, with interesting bits emphasized in red pencil.

A few months ago he appeared as a guest on the radio show, *Information Please*, committed a small breach of etiquette by describing one question as "silly," but otherwise delighted listeners with his swift and urbane answers. When the questionmaster, Clifton Fadiman, asked him why the bright red jackets worn by British huntsmen were always described as "hunting pink," he replied: "Less radical."

British correspondents in New York tend to take changes in American public opinion concerning Britain in their stride, and they are agreed that no one is better equipped than Sir Gladwyn Jebb to reflect Britain's glory in good times and to present Britain's case squarely, lucidly and fearlessly in bad times. The first fine, careless rapture that Jebb inspired in Americans is over, but he should remain for many years one of the most powerful and popular voices in British foreign affairs. THE END

The big white drake humiliated and infuriated him. Sam lost his temper. Lashing out with his cap, he advanced, shouting wildly: "Get out! Get out!"

STRANGE DEATH

by JOHN CLARE

ILLUSTRATED BY MACKINLAY

All his life, Sam had hunted the birds. All his life, he had plotted to kill them. Could this be their revenge?

ALL THROUGH THAT SUMMER the old war between people and the other animals was fought pretty much as usual. The reporting of it made a casual, sometimes crazy pattern in odd corners of newspapers during the news-scarce dog days. In fact, if you didn't know someone like Sam Fletcher you wouldn't know that there was a war, full of strategy and honour and death, just like the wars between people.

You couldn't know, for instance, from the newspaper report, that a North Ontario maskinonge, in a desperate rush for freedom, had deliberately caught a fisherman off balance and pulled him to his death.

Nor would the piece about the pyromaniac robin give rise to any feelings other than doub as to the truth of the story. This deceptivel benign bird was seen carrying a smoulderin twig in its beak from a boys' campfire near New Westminster. The bird dropped the ember on the roof of a summer cottage which shortly afterwards burned to the ground. There was no one in the house at the time.

Nothing very ominous or even significant there. Nor was there any hint of disaster—except for the geese already flying south in loose undulating Vs over the town—in Sam Fletcher's getting out his carefully stored 12-gauge pump gun the day before the season opened.

Sam was a bachelor of about fifty who lived in the white frame house which had been his father's, and where he had been born, near the centre of the small south-western Saskatchewan town of Indian Bluffs. He was a small man whose twisted back gave him a gnomish appearance but did not prevent him from earning the reputation of the shrewdest and best goose hunter in the south-west corner of the province.

Had there been a psychiatrist in Indian Bluffs, he might have made something out of this little man's love of hunting. He might have found that Sam's compensation for some of the things he had missed in life was the primitive thrill of the big grey birds falling before his gun.

But there was no psychiatrist to indulge in such speculation, and, if there had been, he would have been wise to keep his mouth shut, because Sam was respected. Not liked, because he was a dour, solitary man, but respected.

The farmers along the South Saskatchewan River, where the geese paused in their long flight from the Arctic Circle to their winter home along the Atlantic seaboard, were always glad to tell him where the big birds were feeding. Farmers like Nick Kovac were willing to dig his blinds for him. They were proud to have a good hunter like Sam shooting off their stubble. Besides, he always gave them something for their trouble when the shooting was good. And the shooting was always good for Sam. He never failed to get his limit, sometimes a few more.

The night before the season opened, Sam was sitting in his living-room cleaning the heavy protective grease from the working parts of his

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In the queer world of the men who live in fear of a scratch, a battle is on. It aims to find a cure for the disease that even the sufferers seldom mention

Haemophilics fight for themselves

by IAN BEVAN

HAEMOPHILIA, APART FROM occasional mentions in quiz programmes and spelling bees, is a word which seldom crops up in ordinary conversation. When it does, most people identify it as the name of an obscure disease which has plagued several royal houses of Europe. Few, even in the medical profession, have known or seen one of its victims.

Indeed, haemophilia is among the rarest of illnesses, which is a comforting thought for all except those who have it. For them, the very rarity of their complaint is their greatest misfortune, because they are curiosities whom no doctor can yet cure.

In Great Britain there are thought to be about 2,000 sufferers. No one knows for certain. It is not a notifiable disease, and many try to keep their condition secret. Employers don't like giving jobs to men who may bleed to death from a scratch on the finger, and that is what may happen to people who have haemophilia.

So sufferers have kept quiet about themselves. But a young Londoner, Frank Smith, realized that this silence was helping nobody. Only high-pressure tactics, he decided, could focus attention on the problem and make scientists interested in solving it, so he determined to organize his fellow haemophilics into a group which would fight ignorance and prejudice to get better treatment and, perhaps one day, a lasting cure.

Campaign Means Sacrifices

Despite his illness, which puts him out of action for two weeks in every four; despite lack of money, which has meant going without personal comforts to buy stationery and stamps; despite the obvious difficulty of pressing a minority case in a medical world which lacks cures for such mass killers as cancer and coronary thrombosis—despite every handicap, Smith has succeeded in founding the International Haemophilia Society which has already spread to the U.S.A., Canada and South Africa, and attracted the interest of several leading research workers.

Today, Smith is out of a job and almost out of funds—for he lost his business following a long illness—but his society has been acknowledged, and given temporary headquarters, by the Galton Laboratory at University College, London, where he spends his time in between hospital bouts planning a research campaign which, he believes, could solve the mysteries of haemophilia in five years' intensive work. The fact that it would cost at least £100,000, which at present there seems no chance of getting, does not deter him, for he has discovered something which no one knew before—that haemophilics can fight.

Whether others help or not, Smith intends to show that those suffering from the disease will do everything they can to help themselves. Honorary appeals secretary, in charge of fund-raising, is Robert John White, of Orpington, Kent, a defiant young man who has kept a record of the number of times he has been in hospital. His tally, in a lifetime of thirty-one years, is 227.

Honorary secretary of the society is twenty-seven year old Philip H. Morris, a promising musician who has had to give up a course at the Royal Academy of Music because practising the

Haemophilic Robert White with his family. The disease cannot be passed from father to son

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Blood test for Frank Smith. Like many others, he wears a beard because he dare not shave

piano caused haemorrhages in his fingers and arms. Smith himself is president, and, just in case all office bearers should be ill at the same time, the chairman and treasurer are non-sufferers. But the chairman is the son of a haemophilic, and the treasurer is the father of one. All office bearers work voluntarily, and the society has been officially registered as "a friendly and charitable organization for the welfare of sufferers from malfunctioning of the blood."

Although haemophilia is a rare disease, it has a long history. There are references to it in Greek and Hebrew writings dating back more than 2,000 years. The nature of the illness has been fairly clearly understood since the beginning of the last century. A drug has been developed by an English doctor which, in many cases, can control even the worst phases. But no one knows what causes it, or what can prevent it.

All that is known, with reasonable certainty, is that the illness dates from a person's birth, and is never acquired by a healthy person during his lifetime. With a few exceptions, only males suffer actively from it; but women are the carriers. A mother can give it to her son; he cannot pass it on to his sons, but he may pass it on to his grandsons through his daughters. Queen Victoria was a suspected carrier, and it was probably through her that the disease descended to Alexis, son of the last Tsar of Russia, and two of the sons of Alfonso, the last King of Spain.

Sons of female carriers are not always born afflicted. If they are healthy, the disease does not reappear in their descendants. Fortunately, Edward VII was not haemophilic, which has freed the present British royal line from the possibility of inheriting the illness, but descendants through two of Queen Victoria's daughters, Princess Alice and Princess Beatrice, and through her youngest son, Leopold, have been victims. Prince Philip, however, who is a great-grandson of Princess Alice, has escaped, which means his children are free from danger.

Royal haemophilia carrier: Victoria Eugenie, granddaughter of Queen Victoria and wife of Alfonso, the last King of Spain, seen below with his children. Of their four sons, only the eldest and youngest inherited the disease

Leopold, Duke of Albany, was an invalid from birth, and has been quoted in medical literature as a haemophilic, although this was not publicly acknowledged during his lifetime. He was described as having had "a skin as thin as tissue paper"—which is a popular, although not a scientifically accurate, description of one of the symptoms of haemophilia—and he died after a fall which was said to have "brought on an attack of epilepsy."

Hypnotism And Frogs' Legs

The illness of Tsarevitch Alexis of Russia became of historic importance, because it was Rasputin's claim to be able to control the boy's bleeding which gave him his fatal power in the Tsar's household. Rasputin used hypnosis, which has been employed with hardly any success as a contemporary treatment, but he is also said to have dosed Alexis with a brew made from frogs' legs. This might have been sounder than he realized, for it would have been rich in protein, which is now regarded as good for haemophilics.

The strict pattern of the illness's inheritance makes case histories valuable to scientists working on genetics, the study of heredity. Robert White, co-operating with staff members of the Galton Laboratory, has traced it back through his ancestors for almost five hundred years. But Philip Morris, so far as he knows, is the first case in his family.

Partly as a result of evidence produced by Smith, Morris and other members of the International Haemophilia Society, scientists suspect that the inheritance characteristics of haemophilia may arise spontaneously in a man, be passed on through his unwitting daughter to her son, who becomes the first active sufferer in that family line. Ten years ago, geneticists estimated that one British baby boy in every 50,000 was born with haemophilia. They have revised this to one in 20,000, and it may be more. The death rate among afflicted babies is high, and children who survive often live for many years without meeting fellow victims. Perforce, they lead cosseted and restricted lives, which convinces them early on that they are not merely unusual, but probably unique.

Frank Smith was seventeen years old before he met another victim, and it was the sense of relief he experienced when he realized that he was not alone in his misfortune which gave him the idea of forming a society so that haemophilics could meet and help one another. Illness and personal difficulties delayed the project for nine years, but he got the scheme under way in 1942 and, in spite of all setbacks, has kept plugging away at it ever since.

Treated As Show Pieces . .

Because adult cases are rare, the few there are often find themselves treated as show pieces when they are admitted to hospital. Smith remembers an occasion when he was visited and prodded by a specialist who was accompanied by eighteen students, and each of the students prodded him in turn. "It doesn't take much to bruise an over-ripe tomato," says Smith, "and that is what a haemophilic is like. They left me bruised and bleeding all over. Fortunately, this sort of thing doesn't happen often."

Most haemophilics are ill so frequently that they soon learn enough about themselves to suggest to doctors and nurses what to do if they don't already know. White, who went to sea as a bell-hop in *Rawalpindi* in 1936, and worked up to being a steward before he was finally discharged from the Merchant Navy in 1942, has been in hospital in Singapore, Lisbon, Curaçoa, Halifax, Auckland, Bombay and

White in hospital. Haemophilia attacks men.

Yokohama. In most of these places he was the first case of haemophilia the doctors had seen. "I was just a roving medical textbook," he said.

Undaunted by the obvious dangers of bleeding to death, White enlisted in the R.A.F. during one of his spells ashore, but was discharged when a route march made his feet bleed. Later he joined the New Zealand Army, but had to give it up again. Finally, he came back to England and worked with Ensa, running a mobile cinema unit for troops on isolated gun sites.

Returning from one of these trips, he was involved in a car smash which crushed the bones in his feet. Surgeons were frightened to operate on a haemophilic (just as dentists fear to pull out their teeth), and he has been left with both feet deformed, but he can still drive a car, although he cannot walk more than fifteen yards without acute discomfort and risk of further bleeding. As a result, he has to park fairly close to the place he is calling at, and is constantly being summoned for parking offences. So far, magistrates have been unsympathetic to his pleas for special consideration.

Most haemophilics are used to people treating their condition as a joke or as an unbelievable exaggeration. In consequence, they are often abnormally shy and shun contact with the everyday world; or else, in self-defence, they develop a macabre sense of humour which enables Smith, for instance, to describe his illness as "an everlasting bloody nuisance."

"Everlasting" is a word he emphasizes, for a haemophilic can never forget his weakness, even when he is asleep. A badly creased pillow might be sufficient to cause a haemorrhage when a victim turns over on it in his sleep. An ordinary occurrence such as a bus ride is a succession of mortal hazards. A bump from another passenger in the queue, a jolt when the

Women seldom get it, but they are the carriers

Philip Morris gets around in a three-wheeler. He believes he is the first case in his family

driver puts on the brakes sharply, or even the effort of obeying the conductor when he calls "Hold tight," may be sufficient to cause internal bleeding which will spread until perhaps half the patient's body turns black and blue, and which causes intense pain.

White recalls a day when he was returning from a sea voyage and hit his head slightly against a stanchion as he was coming ashore. He went straight to a hospital where they covered his head with a liberal supply of bandages, and then he took the train to his home town. By the time he got there, the "bruise" (which was an extensive internal haemorrhage) had spread all over his face. When he knocked on his own front door, his mother opened it, said: "Nothing today, thank you," and closed it. A quick look at the black face and white headgear had convinced her she was answering the door to an Indian hawker wearing a turban.

Group That Feels Neglected

Because haemophilics are such a small group, not merely in this country but throughout the world, virtually nothing has been done for them by government departments or welfare organizations. Last year, Smith flew to Paris—in itself an extremely risky thing for a haemophilic to do—where he attended the fifth International Conference of Social Workers. At one session he stood up and asked: "Can any delegate tell me of any social welfare work being done anywhere for haemophilics?" The answer was complete silence.

"We've got to change that," he says, and those who have met him do not doubt that he will, for he is completely dedicated to his task. He has a strong argument in the fact that research on haemophilia would not merely benefit the few sufferers, but would add to scientific knowledge of human heredity and might lead to discoveries which would benefit millions. It might, for instance, give an important clue to the cause of inherited colour blindness which afflicts at least one in every twenty of the population.

Adult haemophilics, Smith points out, could amply repay anything spent on them in the way of medical treatment and scientific research by acting as a select group of volunteer human guinea pigs; and this is what he and some members of the society are doing, on a small scale, for Professor L. S. Penrose, one of Britain's most brilliant geneticists and director of research at the Galton Laboratory.

In the interests of both the victims and the scientists, Smith believes a central clinic should be set up in London. At most hospitals, a haemophilic is one patient among hundreds. Obviously the doctors cannot neglect everyone else to give him the close study and attention he needs. By developing a clinic where every patient was a haemophilic, a few doctors would be able to specialize in the disease, and research workers would be able to collect all the data they required.

He is also campaigning for certain social benefits, in particular for home teachers, so that haemophilic children need not go to ordinary schools where the rough-and-tumble of the playground contains an ever-present threat of death to these special cases. He has vivid memories of his own schooldays when a caning almost killed him, and he suffered the taunts of children and masters alike because he was not allowed to take part in any games.

"I missed something like a third of my schooling through recurrent haemorrhages," he says, "so that nowadays I find my education is like a book with a page or two missing from every chapter. It's embarrassing when I'm faced with some elementary mental exercise, like seven times so and so, to find that the seven-times table is a missing page in my knowledge, because I was away with a haemorrhage when my class did that one."

Money is also an important problem to most haemophilics, who find it hard to get suitable jobs and harder still to keep them. White, who did not qualify for a Service pension, used his savings of £5 and knowledge gained as a ship's steward to go into the catering business. Today he is a partner in a catering supply firm, and is also owner of a restaurant. Morris does secretarial work at home for a publishing company. Another member of the society has a job as an accountant with a firm which allows him so many days off sick at its expense and further days at his own loss.

Campaign For More Cars

These are typical of the jobs haemophilics can do when allowances are made for their frequent bouts of illness. The society hopes to persuade more employers to offer work on such terms, and also to convince other haemophilics that they are fit to take it on. An important aim of the society is "the exchange of information and advice in dealing with the social, economic and other problems that especially confront us." A further campaign is for the provision of cars to adult haemophilics.

Information, knowledge, fellowship, help—these are the words which characterize this unusual society, and Smith, who does not underestimate the value of any one aspect, may be pardoned if he lays particular stress on fellowship. His message to each new sufferer who contacts him is: "You are not alone; if we work together, something can be done." THE END

Leverton in his garden: "My father had an instinct for bees. Perhaps it's hereditary"

Bee-keeper with a sixth sense

by EDWIN PACKER

Not even to his own sons can Jack Leverton explain his uncanny knack of knowing what is going on inside a hive

EVERY DAY JACK LEVERTON, a tall, slightly stooping figure in a battered panama, walks slowly along the terraced paths of his steeply rising cottage garden, watching and listening to his bees. At seventy-nine, his hearing is acute; his pale blue eyes, set in a parchment face, miss nothing. He has the uncanny knack of telling what is going on in a hive just by walking near it.

Searching for the queen bee he looks at the top of the ten frames in the brood box, and points to one of them. Invariably the queen is found on it. Recently, when in the garden of a friend who had just started bee-keeping, he said: "You'd better have a look at number two hive." Sure enough, on inspection several queen cells were found; in another day there would have been a swarm.

Leverton cannot explain his instinct for bees. "My father had it, so perhaps it's hereditary," he says, "but if you want to develop it, it's better to start young." He was eight when his father made him help with the bees. "I didn't want to do it," he recalls. "I was scared." However, his early reluctance was soon overcome. By the time he was twelve he had a colony of bees of his own.

Most bee-keepers gradually become immune to stings and Leverton actually likes to be stung—he thinks the poison tones up his system. He wears a veil to set a good example to other bee-keepers, though the one he uses is not of much real value. There is a big hole in the front of it through which he sticks his clay pipe. Since he was a boy he has only once been stung badly enough to raise a lump. This happened when, while working at a local colliery, he walked past a pile of foreign timber. A bee flew out and stung him on the arm, producing a painful swelling. The culprit was a Continental species, known as a Great Carpenter, which can bite a tunnel through wood.

Scourge Ended The Golden Age

To begin bee-keeping an outlay of between £25 and £30 is necessary. This initial cost can be recovered in two or three years from the sale of honey, the production of which is about eighty pounds a year from a strong colony of bees. The average yield for a hive is fifty pounds, but Jack Leverton's best ever was 120 pounds.

The golden age of bee-keeping, he says, ended in 1904 when a new disease called acarine appeared on the Isle of Wight. Stricken bees are partially paralysed by the acarine mite which attacks them. The scourge swept across the country. In 1918 it destroyed ninety per cent of Britain's bees. It was not until 1920 that scientists managed to isolate the mite. A cure for the disease followed in 1927.

"Acarine almost killed off the English black bee," Leverton says, regretfully. "They were wonderful workers, but a bit bad-tempered. Nowadays most of our honey bees are a yellow-banded cross-bred Italian strain."

No other hobby has so much folk-lore attached to it as bee-keeping. Leverton never sells his bees: he believes that it brings bad luck unless payment is made in gold. He gives or lends a stock to beginners, but first satisfies himself

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Honey bee alighting on a red anemone—a colour which is not a favourite with bees, who see red as grey. *Photograph by W. W. Roberts, F.Z.S.*

The late Field Marshal Smuts shakes hands with V.I.P. pilot "Bill" Fraser after a flight from Africa. He loved flying, never failed to thank the crews

V.I.P. SQUADRON (3)

The men who pilot the famous have amusing tales to tell of the celebrities they fly. But there's another side to the picture — of hazardous missions where expert flying alone carried them through

Smuts was the perfect passenger

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

ONLY ONE SQUADRON IN THE Royal Air Force has ever been given authority to fly at any time and in any weather. That unit is 24 Squadron, whose task is to carry Very Important Personages. In its heyday, when its planes were carrying kings and statesmen to wartime conferences, pilots of 24 Squadron were entitled by King's Regulations to take off whether or not the commander of any airfield would give them permission.

This distinction was the official recognition of one of the most highly skilled collection of airmen the world has seen. The ranks of 24 Squadron included Czech, Polish, Dutch, Belgian, French and American as well as Commonwealth and British pilots, whose combined experience ran to millions of hours' flying.

At the beginning of the war the squadron's transport consisted of planes of all types and sizes, but later as the demand for V.I.P. traffic increased, matters became more regularized. The first Dakotas were taken over by the unit in 1943 and by the end of that year, when four-engined Yorks began to come from the factory, the squadron was able to organize a York flight from Northolt.

Churchill's *Ascalon* was the first York. The second, MW102, became Lord Mountbatten's personal aircraft but, before it was completed, the Prime Minister loaned his personal plane to the Combined Operations chief. The practice of loaning *Ascalon* involved Churchill in such situations as when he offered it to the late Field Marshal Smuts to bring him to England and at the same time suggested Mountbatten could have it for a trip to India.

"That Young Fellow, Winston"

The dilemma was solved by having the *Ascalon* fly Mountbatten as far as North Africa, where he changed over to a Dakota. The York then picked up General Smuts, who was one of the squadron's favourite passengers. Smuts, who was four years older than Churchill, used to delight the Prime Minister's crew by insisting on referring to "that young fellow, Winston Churchill."

Smuts loved to fly and liked to tell the pilots that he was never airsick, although ocean travel invariably made him seasick. He was extremely courteous and would never leave the airfield without thanking the crew, even when it meant, as on one occasion, stopping his car and getting out again to say goodbye to an airman he had overlooked.

General Smuts's politeness was not a rule among V.I.P.s and the squadron remembers General de Gaulle as the least considerate of the personalities they carried. Smuts, according to Squadron Leader J. L. Mitchell, the *Ascalon's* navigator, was not only considerate of others but he was also rarely at a loss for a word. Mitchell and his colleagues in the *Ascalon* are fond of telling of a night at Rabat when they were about to fly Smuts to Northolt. The passengers had boarded the plane early and retired. The crew came on board just before midnight, the time set for departure.

After stowing his kit on the plane, Mitchell strolled on to the airfield in the interests of personal comfort. In the darkness, he could see the outline of another man whom he took to be "Jack" Payne, the flight engineer. "I walked up to this person," Mitchell says, "slapped him on the shoulder with some gay greeting, and who should it turn out to be but General Smuts. He said: 'Young man, do you know what the Duke of Wellington told

his men just before the Battle of Waterloo? There's no time like the present, the Duke said, and you never know when you will have another opportunity.'"

Smuts and many other V.I.P.s also took the trouble to write thank-you notes to 24 Squadron pilots. These letters frequently became the basis of autograph collections which also included signatures written on the backs of foreign currency. This custom developed from the short-snorter dollar bills which were carried by everyone who flew the Atlantic in the early days of the war. With their unequalled opportunities, the squadron crews accumulated signatures from practically every important figure they flew.

George Girardet, one of the more enthusiastic collectors, even persuaded the German General von Arnim to sign his name on a bank note. The German was flown to Britain and a p.o.w. camp by 24 Squadron, as were a number of Rommel's generals.

Occasionally, the squadron's passengers flew incognito, and the logbook even shows a "Mr. L. A. Prune" who was flown from Gibraltar to Hendon. "Prune" was one of the secret agents who used the squadron's services. Later in the war, when a special R.A.F. squadron was assigned to the work of dropping agents over occupied Europe, 24 Squadron contributed some of its skilled air crews to the new formation.

Just Escaped Diplomatic Incident

The kings of Greece and Jugoslavia and the Queen of the Netherlands appear on 24 Squadron passenger lists. King George of Greece took the crew of his aircraft sightseeing in Tripoli when they were held up there by weather. King Peter of Jugoslavia was one of the few V.I.P.s who were force-landed. His plane came down at Biskra and a replacement aircraft had to be sent for him.

Peter, like Prince Bernard of the Netherlands, likes to fly his own aircraft. One of the squadron's narrowest escapes from a diplomatic incident occurred when the ex-King of Jugoslavia asked permission to land at Hendon just as the squadron was saying goodbye to a plane-load of Tito's representatives. The King's plane was diverted until the Tito-ites flew off.

Queen Wilhelmina was never flown higher than 5,000 feet, and her pilot was always one of the Dutch airmen who belonged to the squadron. One of these, Jan Rykhof, was one of the few foreigners in the R.A.F. to be awarded the Air Force Cross. He is now a captain on a K.L.M. run between Amsterdam and New York.

The standard of experience and skill of 24 Squadron pilots was demonstrated early in the war by Henry Bernard Collins, a well-set-up and curly-haired Irishman who later commanded the unit. Collins, who inevitably came to be known as "John," joined the peacetime R.A.F. and spent five years in uniform. Then, for the next eight years, he was with Imperial Airways. At the beginning of the war he rejoined the R.A.F., and in May, 1940, was asked to carry out a rather unorthodox flight for the Army. The Germans were pouring into France. British gunners were running out of ammunition. Collins and Flying Officer E. B. Fielden, of 24 Squadron, were given the job of transporting a rush order of ammunition.

Cargo Was Dynamite

They were to use an Ensign, a huge twenty-ton lumbering aircraft that had been taken over from Imperial Airways. It was unarmed and no escort was available. The load consisted of nearly four tons of anti-tank ammunition and shells, capable of creating one of the largest aerial explosions ever seen.

With this potential catastrophe on board, Collins was told to take off and, rather than attempt landing, parachute the ammunition to the ground at Seclin, near Lille. There were, of course, no such things as parachutes or special containers. It would be necessary to fit each box with an ordinary aircrew parachute. Collins and Fielden had so little faith in the parachute idea that they got permission to organize the delivery in any way they saw fit.

First of all, the Ensign developed engine trouble. In spite of it, Collins kept on. Flying at 1,000 feet, he headed over France. From Armentières to Lille the aircraft was fired on continuously. "Owing to the intensity of the fire, we decided to force land," Collins says. "But first we had to make sure the spot was in our hands." The field he picked was in British hands. It was seventy yards wide and about 500 yards long. It was also full of potatoes. The Ensign, by all the rules, should have sunk into the soft soil, overturned and exploded. In Collins's experienced hands, it came to a safe stop and a few minutes later he and Fielden were covering their aircraft with camouflage nets they had borrowed at Croydon. They unloaded the ammunition, hid it in the potatoes and told the nearest artillery unit to come and get it.

Took Off By Hurricane Lamp

After twenty hours in France, in an area they later discovered was actually behind the German lines, Collins and Fielden took off by the light of two hurricane lamps, one at 300 yards down the field and the other at the far end. The return flight was made through the same gauntlet of anti-aircraft fire. The undercarriage was down during the whole trip due to failure of the hydraulic system, and this reduced the air speed from 140 to 100 miles an hour. It was this sort of expert flying that led Collins to be entrusted with the transport of both the King and Winston Churchill.

Although 24 Squadron became famous as a carrier of Very Important Personages, the unit was originally created in 1915 as the first single-seater fighter squadron in what was to become the R.A.F. Assigned to escort duties, the original pilots of 24 Squadron were credited with discovering the art of formation flying. They developed the use of hand signals between aircraft and worked out details of teamwork while guarding bomber flights over the Somme. The squadron remained a fighter unit until 1920, when it was assigned to communication duties.

The importance of the new rôle became fully apparent in 1926 during the General Strike. Equipped with Vimy and Bristol aircraft, 24 Squadron delivered Government dispatches to different parts of the country. It is reasonable to assume that the usefulness of such a unit was not lost on one of the major figures of the Government — Winston Churchill. Ramsay MacDonald, however, became the first Prime Minister to use 24 Squadron. He learned that it offered a speedy way of getting from London to his Lossiemouth constituency, and he made several such flights in a Fairy IIIF.

Lt.-Col. Louis Arbon Strange. Ace pilot in the first World War, he returned at forty-nine to fly with distinction in 24 Squadron

Immediately after the declaration of war, 24 Squadron began accumulating one of the rarest collections of passenger and transport type aeroplanes. The unit roster looked like, and was referred to as, a group of zoological specimens. The machines included Gulls, Moths, Harts, Flamingoes, Buffaloes and a Goose, as well as such conventionally named types as the De Havilland 89, the four-engined Fokkers, Ensigns and the twin-engined Lockheed Electras. Passengers —usually high-ranking Service officers or Government figures—were carried within the country and to and from France. They were called I.P.s (for Important People) at first, and later Very Important Personages.

These exalted travellers would drive out to Hendon and receive a send-off according to their importance. Hendon was convenient for these customers, but it was by no means a pilot's choice. "Hendon," says one 24 Squadron veteran, "is on the wrong side of London. It is situated in a valley. It attracts all the smoke, the runways are too short and all the other squadrons used it as a passing-out test. If a man could land a plane at Hendon, they figured he could land anywhere."

Forced To Land On Football Pitch

The pilots of 24 Squadron were well acquainted with Hendon's shortcomings. The closest they came to losing one of their distinguished passengers was shortly after a take-off from Hendon. Oliver Lyttelton was on board when one of the engines failed as the aircraft cleared the field. The pilot was Carl Balik, a Czech airline flyer, who knew Hendon's built-up surroundings just well enough to find a school playing field at Edgware. He put his plane and the V.I.P. cargo down safely on the football pitch. Balik was not so fortunate after his return to Czechoslovakia. He was killed two years ago in another forced landing at night when he came down on a railway track.

A large percentage of the squadron's pilots in the early days of the war were men like Balik, with international reputations as airline captains. Another was Joé Hubachek, one of the world's finest aerobatic flyers, who became director of civil aviation in Czechoslovakia. None of these men, however, could match the record of Louis Arbon Strange, who took his Royal Aero Club certificate (No. 575) on August 5, 1913, and at the age of forty-nine won the bar to his D.F.C. while flying with 24 Squadron.

Strange, a lean-figured man with thick black eyebrows and moustache to match, is one of the outstanding figures in British aviation. He flew the first fighter plane to be fitted with a Lewis machine gun, a Henri Farman biplane. That was in 1914, and he was ordered to remove the ungentlemanly machine gun and use a rifle for aerial combat. In 1914, Strange also carried out the first experiments with aerial fire bombs (he set fire to two German lorries), made what was probably the first ground strafing attack, and started the science of leaflet raids by dropping news bulletins over Occupied France.

Strange retired from the R.A.F. in 1921 as a thirty-year-old lieutenant-colonel with the Distinguished Service Order, the Military Cross and the Distinguished Flying Cross. On his retirement, he entered civil aviation. In 1940, when his firm was requisitioned, he applied to rejoin the R.A.F. The selection board failed to recognize the man who bore one of the greatest names in aviation and laughed at the forty-nine year old who wanted to fly. The maximum age for aircrew was thirty. Strange persisted until he was given a test on a Tiger Moth. The pilot who gave him the test turned out to be the son of a veteran

Queen Wilhelmina always flew with 24 Squadron's Dutch pilots; never went above 5,000 feet

Strange himself had taught to fly. In April, 1940, after proving he could fly all types of training aircraft, Strange was commissioned as a pilot officer, the lowest commissioned rank.

The Germans began their drive into the Lowlands and France in May, 1940. V.I.P. transport took second priority to delivering ammunition to the British Expeditionary Force. As demands for more air deliveries increased, one of the problems was finding enough aircraft. Many planes were grounded in France because there were neither materials nor mechanics there to repair them. Strange was assigned to lead a fleet of civil aircraft to Merville and to take with him mechanics who would service slightly damaged planes grounded there. The flight deposited Strange and his mechanics on a French base and left them working on some Hurricanes.

Chased By Messerschmitts

The first Hurricane was patched with copper wire and telephone cable and its pilot flew it away. As the second aircraft was almost ready, Strange saw a dogfight overhead. A Hurricane was going down in flames. The pilot barely escaped and floated down in his parachute. He landed on the aerodrome and Strange immediately offered him a newly repaired machine. The pilot climbed in and headed back for his base in England.

At the fighter base, the commanding officer wondered who was providing new mounts for pilots who had been shot down. He sent a message to Merville suggesting that whoever was responsible should fly the next Hurricane back himself. Strange had never flown a Hurricane, but he took off with the third Hurricane his mechanics had patched up. The take-off was smooth, but the veteran pilot had not been airborne many minutes before he ran into German anti-aircraft fire. No sooner had he evaded the flak than six Messerschmitts dived on him. The Hurricane had no ammunition. Strange had only his flying skill to depend on. He flew down to roof level, skimmed over trees and zoomed down a village street. Finally, he reached the coast. The Navy, standing off shore, opened up with a barrage that sent the Germans packing. Strange continued safely to England.

The fall of France was the end of one phase of the squadron's operations. The next period was taken up with the opening and maintaining of essential flying services. The two ambulance planes transported sick and wounded between points in Britain. All manner of essential freight was speeded to its destination. The squadron was even called on to carry fifteen hundredweight of *Daily Mirrors* to Prestwick on a day in 1942 when the newspaper was banned by the censor. The ban was lifted, and the Government loaned a 24 Squadron aircraft to help the newspaper to catch up with its deliveries.

News headlines in 1942 were taken by the campaigns in the Mediterranean and particularly the siege of Malta. In December, 1941, the Luftwaffe began its terrible series of day and night attacks which lasted until May. In 1942, Malta was still one thousand miles away from the nearest friendly land. There was no flour, butter or coffee in the island fortress. Service personnel were restricted to a diet of 1,750 calories a day, and civilians received only 1,350 calories. For its only sure communication with the outside world, Malta looked to the air.

Number 24 was the only squadron maintaining regular communications with Malta throughout the siege. Flying converted Hudsons stripped of all but one or two machine guns, and later Dakotas, the unit carried 1,300,000 pounds of freight to Malta. Reinforcements were flown in and casualties evacuated. In 10,000 flying hours, 5,552 passengers were taken out.

The "Malta Shuttle" was not quite the routine service the name suggests. The shuttle part was the run from Gibraltar to Malta and back again, all in the same night. The route from London to Malta was circuitous. Orders for a flight would send an aircraft from Hendon to Cornwall. At midnight, the plane would leave England so as to cross the German-patrolled Bay of Biscay during darkness and arrive at Gibraltar for 6 a.m. breakfast. Then followed a wait for dusk to cover the Malta and return hop.

"The Germans," says one pilot who made forty-odd visits to Malta, "would probably have a good idea when we left Gibraltar. They'd also try to spot us off the North African coast so they could estimate the time we would reach Malta. Their idea was to stage a raid at the time we would be wanting to land. Some of our people waited as long as one and a half hours during raids before they got permission to land.

Joined Luftwaffe By Mistake

"One night, I arrived over the island in the midst of such a raid. My instructions were to stooge around upstairs until things quietened down and, while I was flying around, I could feel the slipstream from quite a few other planes. When I finally got permission to land, I came in and remarked to the ground people that they had a lot of aircraft up to defend the island. They told me I was the only one of ours. I'd been flying around in the midst of a Jerry squadron!"

T. R. Russell, a London bank official who was a 24 Squadron pilot in the war, remembers one expedition to Malta when he lost an engine over the Bay of Biscay and only barely managed to get back to England after jettisoning his cargo in the sea. The load he was carrying was made up of highly secret radar equipment for the Beaufighters which had been added to the Maltese defences. The equipment was packed in crates. It took up so much room that the crew had to climb over the boxes to get into the cockpit.

"We were about one and a half hours out of England," Russell recalls, "when the starboard engine caught fire. Because of the excess load, we couldn't hold height. I decided to jettison the cargo. We then discovered the crates would not go out of the single door and we had to release the rear doors. One of these fell off and wrapped itself around the tail on the good motor side of the aircraft. It took us two and a half hours to reach Cornwall. When we landed, the rear door fell off the tail, of its own accord."

Mission On The Side

So eager were 24 Squadron crews to help Malta that they even wedged in trips to the island while on other missions. There is a legend among the pilots that after El Alamein, Churchill asked Montgomery if he would show some generals in England how to win battles. The squadron records show that a bevy of generals appeared at its Hendon headquarters in February, 1943. They were so many and so important that the party was split into two and carried in separate Hudsons out to Tripoli. Both planeloads of generals were delivered safely, but, rather than wait while their passengers learned how to score victories, the pilots headed back to Malta. They made two more runs on the Gibraltar—Malta shuttle and then dashed across the Mediterranean, picked the brasshats up and took them home to Britain.

At one stage of the siege, 24 Squadron pilots were bringing in the only cigarettes the garrison received. The pilots' wives shopped in London for Malta's nurses. The aircraft were even stripped of safety devices so that the maximum load could be carried. And when the King awarded the George Cross to Malta, it, too, was flown there—appropriately—in a 24 Squadron aircraft.

NEXT WEEK: Inside Churchill's fabulous Skymaster—a "flying castle" that ended its career on a scrap heap

FESTIVAL AT FARBRIDGE

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

PART 7: The day started well. For the Commodore, there was no warning of the trouble that was on the way

THE only public hall of any consequence in Farbridge, and the one used for all important meetings, concerts, lectures, is the Corn Exchange. It is an eighteenth-century building, but the hall itself, rectangular, high-roofed, with a rather narrow balcony on three of its walls, was discreetly modernized between the wars. It can seat about 1,500 people.

There were not 1,500 people there on that Tuesday night, when the B.B.C. did its *Next Question, Please* programme, because for some technical reason the balcony was not open to the public. But every seat below was taken—there had been a great scramble for tickets—except in the very front row. This row was reserved for those privileged persons whose written questions had been chosen by the producer of the programme. They sat in the front row so that they could easily step up to the microphone and tell several million listeners who they were and what their question was. There were eight of them—though the last two had been warned that they were only there as reserves—and Number Five was Miss Laura Casey, whose question was: "Don't the team agree that Farbridge should celebrate the Festival of Britain?"

When they had discussed it in the office, Laura had wanted either Theodore or the Commodore to ask the question, but Michael Seacombe, who knew the B.B.C. people, had settled it by declaring at once that Laura, with an ordinary Farbridge address, to say nothing of her sex and looks, was the best choice. It was Michael who had arranged it all and found tickets for the other two men, and for Captain Mobbs, Seth Hull, the Saxons, and several other Festival supporters, all of whom were artfully distributed among the audience, ready to lead the applause on the Festival question.

And now here she was, in her new dark blue with the heavenly collar, feeling hot and anxious and hollow inside. She had never spoken into a microphone before, and the prospect was terrifying. What if she couldn't speak or was sick or something? It was all very well to be grand and patronizing about the B.B.C., but now, when the programme was only ten minutes away, she felt desperately alone and longed to be clutching Theodore's large, cool hand. It was so bad that it began to be not quite real, like having an operation.

The other questioners seemed to be equally nervous. The fat man on her right. Number Six, seemed to be in a sweat of apprehension, and kept re-reading his question, as if some evil magic might transform its few words into something appalling. So he went on muttering it to himself, to keep it in order, then looked hastily again at his crumpled bit of paper to catch the wizards at work.

The woman on her left, Number Four and very proud of it, so that she condescended to Laura as Five, was oldish and large and tremendously made-up, and wearing everything anybody had ever given her, and looked at a first glance like minor Royalty waiting to open something. But she was very nervous, too, in her elderly and rather majestic way.

"This is my First Time," she admitted to Laura. "But I know all about it because My Daughter has broadcast many times, from various studios. My Daughter has told me all about it. Not too close and be careful of the breathing, My Daughter says. Loose dentures are inconvenient." She looked sharply at Laura, who said that she hadn't any dentures, only teeth, and asked what the daughter did. "My Daughter," said Number Four with immense pride, "is an Entertainer. For the last three seasons she was a great favourite at Ilfracombe. This year My Daughter will be at Colwyn Bay, where I shall see her. You're looking rather flushed. What about me? Pale? I had tea with a Friend who gave me tinned salmon, which was probably a Mistake. My Daughter eats nothing before the show, not even in Pantomime. My Daughter. . . ."

AFTER the producer, a young man with wet hair, a green shirt and a slight stutter, had told them what would happen and warned them that the programme was about to go on the air, the question master and his team arrived on the platform, and were greeted with that enthusiasm which tickets of admittance from the B.B.C. appear to generate so easily.

The question master, Reginald Wendron, a short, parsonical-looking man, gravely delighted with himself, had been a news announcer during the war, so that most people remembered his voice and felt vaguely that he had had a considerable hand in destroying the Luftwaffe, sinking the *Bismarck*, chasing Rommel out of Africa, just as they felt that Gary Cooper had accounted for scores of bad Indians and cattle rustlers. Now the good people of Farbridge, whom he had safely delivered to V-Day, regarded him with as much awe as he conjured

Suddenly, magically, now that she was at the

People in the story . . .

LAURA CASEY, secretary; now working with Commodore Tribe and Theodore Jenks to organize a Festival at Farbridge, after losing her job with Bulfoss and Sons, estate agents.

THEODORE JENKS, a rich young man from Indonesia; bored with sightseeing and glad to have something definite to do—especially as it means seeing Laura every day.

COMMODORE TRIBE, self-appointed organizer of the proposed Festival; a bit of an adventurer, with the grand manner. Resourceful, not overburdened with scruples—and far from discouraged by the knowledge that Farbridge Council has already turned down the idea of a local Festival.

SETH HULL, proprietor of the White Hart Hotel, and the Commodore's ally in convincing the Mayor and the Town Clerk that they should keep an open mind about the Festival until the Commodore can show there is public demand for it.

MAJOR GERALD BULFOSS, Member of Parliament for Farbridge, brother of Laura's ex-employer, Beverly Bulfoss.

CAPTAIN MOBBS, Major Bulfoss's political agent.

THE SAXONS, Hilda and Ernest; a warm-hearted but sternly progressive young couple with two children. Laura Casey lives with them.

MICHAEL SEACOMBE, an enterprising young journalist with one eye on the news and the other on Laura. He is handling publicity for the proposed Festival.

MR. CRANDRY, the Commodore's last employer, owner of the magazine *Mostly Foreign Affairs*; he dismissed the Commodore at their first meeting.

COLONEL WHATMORE, head of Whatmore's artificial silk factory, and the Commodore's first enemy in Farbridge; in a party spirit he had offered the Commodore a job, later bluffed his way out of it.

microphone, Laura's terror went. "Don't the team agree," she asked in an earnest, clear tone, "that Farbridge should celebrate the Festival of Britain?"

up for himself. For this programme he had, of course, a lighter touch, condescending to little jokes, bringing out a merry ha-ha-ha of admirable pitch and resonance, a representative of that democratic way of life which is associated at home and abroad with the British Broadcasting Corporation. Now on the air, dripping honey into the microphone, he introduced the programme.

"Here we are again with *Next Question, Please,* and tonight it is coming to you from the Corn Exchange, Farbridge, where we seem to have a very eager audience, who look as if they know some very difficult questions are coming up.". Laughter and applause, and a smile from Mr. Wendron lasting exactly three and a half seconds. "There is one change in our team tonight. Sir Henry Labrador is indisposed and his place has been taken—you will be glad to know—by the Member of Parliament for Farbridge—Major Bulfoss." Much applause, led in dumb show by Mr. Wendron, and rather awkwardly acknowledged by the Major, who turned scarlet, bobbed up, bobbed down, and looked frightened.

"The other three," Mr. Wendron continued, "are known to you all. Lady Tirle, who gives us the woman's point of view; Dan Cobbley, who tells us what the countryman thinks; and last but not least—our old friend George Bray, sometimes known, I believe, as the Radio Plumber." Laughter, applause, ecstasy.

This rather uncertain reference to Mr. Bray as the Radio Plumber was, of couse, one of Reginald Wendron's little jokes. Everybody knew Mr. Bray as the Radio Plumber. By the strange and perhaps rather sinister magnification of broadcasting, he had whizzed from obscurity into national fame. He was a personality to millions who would never know anything about the country's great artists, scientists, scholars. His familiar voice was like manna to them. He was a sulky looking middle-aged man, with a hectoring style and a cockney accent; and simply as a plumber he had been given a chance broadcast, and this had been so notable a success that now he did nothing but broadcast, make personal appearances, write or sign articles, bullying his admiring countrymen on almost any subject.

DAN COBBLEY was another radio personality, although he was on a lower listening figure level than the plumber. He was a professional rural character, with a burry, clotted-cream accent, who gave the impression that he had just hurried through milking to reach the microphone; but, in fact, he had an agent, several books of Press-cuttings, and a service flat in Bayswater. Lady Tirle looked like a grander version of questioner Number Four.

The first three questions, with all the answers and back-chat around them, seemed to Laura to flit past like a dream. It was only when her proud neighbour, Number Four, was summoned to the microphone that the evening steadied itself and almost went into a maddening slow-motion. Number Four announced herself as Mrs. Delacey and demanded to know if popular entertainment was as good as it used to be. She returned from the microphone wearing an immensely gracious smile and giving a series of little nods.

"Mrs. Delacey asks the team," said Mr. Wendron, who was like a bishop presenting prizes at an idiot school, "if popular entertainment is as good as it used to be. Lady Tirle?"

"Speaking as a woman," said Lady Tirle with decision, "I would say that popular entertainment is better than it used to be. And I have a very good reason for saying that, from a woman's point of view. In recent years popular entertainment has been brought more and more into the home. And for that, of course, we have to thank the B.B.C. I am sure that many housewives, who—er—in other times—were cut off from popular entertainment, because their duties did not allow them to leave the home, have now been given access to—er—many forms of popular entertainment. And television will undoubtedly bring still more popular entertainment of many kinds into the home. From the woman's point of view——"

But as it was obvious she was going round and round in a very small circle, Wendron adroitly cut in with a "Thank you, Lady Tirle. I'm sure many listeners will agree with you. And so ought the B.B.C." Some laughter and applause. "Major Bulfoss?"

Unlike the others, the Major was not an experienced broadcaster, and although he ought to have felt at home in the Corn Exchange, where he had spoken often enough, he was far from feeling at ease with this question and answer business. "Well—Mr. Chairman—I mean, Mr. Question Master—I don't—er—pretend to know very much about popular entertainment. Unless—er—you include—the House of Commons." A laugh here, led by the Commodore, Laura suspected, for she thought she heard his laugh and she knew he was anxious to encourage the Major. "On the whole—I'd say—that popular entertainment—was about the same. Better in some ways—as Lady Tirle has told us—but not so good in others. I mean, I seem to remember a lot of jolly good shows that we don't seem to

The Commodore was already gone, missing the look that passed between Laura and Theodore

get nowadays. But that's perhaps because I'm so busy these days. But about the same—weighing one thing with another—would be my answer." And the Major ran a handkerchief round his collar, and then tried to give the impression he was really somewhere else.

Dan Cobbley, the rural character, was now called upon. He looked like a plumper Mr. Punch, and the instant his name was called he went into his performance, coming out of an imaginary barn and putting on a sly old rustic grin, to the delight of the audience. "Az tew popular antertainmant," he drawled in his best Mummerset, "that's whaat volks down our way would caal a haard question. Zome zay one thing. Zome zay another thing. Now Lady Tirle, she tells us woives want tew stap at home. But down our way, the woives don't want tew stap at home—they want tew go tew the pictures, that's what they want down our way, the woives dew." Much laughter and applause for this, and Dan responded by scratching his head slowly, hoping to milk them for another round. "Well, volks, that's how it is. Zome zay one thing. Zome zay another thing. What Oi zay is this—if this yer programme we dew is papular antertainment, then Oi declare yere an' now papular antertainmant be gettin' better all the toime." A roar.

"Thank you, Dan," said Wendron, laughing heartily with correct pitch and tempo. "Now we know what they think in the country. But what about the cities? Here's the man to tell us—our old friend, the Radio Plumber." A nice build-up, to which the audience responded enthusiastically.

The Radio Plumber scowled heavily—it was part of his act—and made a disgusted noise, almost like a belch, that served as his signature tune. "Naow, not on yer life," he snarled. "Pop'lar entertinement better than it used to be? Gertcha! What d'yer get now? Comics like Leno, Little Tich, 'Arry Tite, George Rowbey? Naow. Yer gets blokes like Dan Cobbley an' me—answerin' silly questions." A delighted roar shook the Corn Exchange. "'Ere—when I was a youngster us plumbers gave 'em some real entertinement, we did. Forgot our tools. Now 'arf of 'em's got none to forget. All they got's permits now. Ever tried to stop a leak with a permit?"

But now, even while the Radio Plumber was still getting his laughs (but not from Mrs. Delacey, who was regarding him with haughty distaste), Laura's awful moment was looming and threatening, and she felt her heart knocking as if it wanted to be let out and to run home. The producer was smiling at her and making little comforting gestures with his hands, none of which he had troubled to do for Mrs. Delacey; but Laura felt terrified and rather sick, and told herself she was mad to have volunteered for this ordeal. And then it was here; she was on her feet; she was going to the microphone and, suddenly, magically, it didn't matter at all: she was just Laura Casey asking a question. And it would be all right.

"Don't the team agree," she asked in an earnest, clear tone, "that Farbridge should celebrate the Festival of Britain?"

BEFORE Wendron, who was quick and clever at that sort of thing, could repeat the question, the building rang with applause. The Festival gang had gone into action at once. They were still clapping while she returned, flushed and bright-eyed, to her seat, with everybody smiling at her.

"Miss Laura Casey," Wendron announced, with rather more emphasis and less patronage than usual, realizing that here was a live issue quickening the programme, "asks the team if they don't agree that Farbridge should celebrate the Festival of Britain. And, as listeners must have heard, it seems to be a question that is exciting our audience here. I think you will agree that the first member of the team who ought to answer this question is the Member for Farbridge—Major Bulfoss."

This was the Major's opportunity. Up to this moment he had cut a poor figure in these proceedings, and now or never was his chance to impress his constituents. Moreover, he was now standing on much firmer ground. He knew this question was coming, and had been coached in his reply by Captain Mobbs and the Commodore, over double whiskies up in Seth Hull's office.

"I am very glad," he said firmly, "this question has been asked. It is—I believe—a question that many people not only here in Farbridge but also in the—er—large rural area served by Farbridge—have been asking. And quite right, too. I understand that the town council decided last year not to celebrate the Festival of Britain here, unlike most of our cities and larger towns. I believe that decision was a mistake." He waited for applause, and did not wait in vain. And this time it was hardly necessary for the claque to function. "I've been told that it is now too late. But that—I gather—is not the opinion of people who are willing to organize a Farbridge Festival even now. And that seems to me the proper spirit. It's never too late to try and do something worth doing. As the Member for this constituency, I feel that it would be a crying shame if Farbridge were left out of the picture. We, here in Farbridge, one of the oldest market towns in the land, and now also a centre of—er—new industrial enterprise, are as proud of our country as any other townspeople. We should, therefore—er—show that pride. So, in my opinion, and I feel quite strongly about this, this year there should certainly be a Farbridge Festival."

"Hurray!" cried the gang, leading the cheers. This was not mere applause but something like a riot. A lot of people, including the Festival gang, were standing up to cheer and clap. The producer and Wendron were waving their arms at the audience to quieten them so that too much valuable time would not be wasted.

"Well, there's no doubt, as listeners will have heard for themselves, what the feeling here is. Everybody agrees with Major Bulfoss." There were several shouts of "No," but he ignored them, and, after a quick glance at Lady Tirle, who shook her head, probably because she felt that the atmosphere was now too uproarious for the woman's point of view, he called upon Dan Cobbley. That artful old codger, leaving his haymaking, knew too much to suggest any disagreement in the face of this enthusiasm; but he took his own line.

"Down our way," he began, "we're but zimple volks an' don't know nothin' 'bout big towns like Farbridge. In these big towns, they do be tellin' me, there's zome volks who's long-faced an' cautious like an' don't want to be a'spendin' their money on vun an' merry-makin' as yew might zay." They laughed at that, and he rubbed his Punch nose in acknowledgment. "But we're havin' a bit of a zimple zort o' Festival of Britain even down along our parts—some vlags 'ung out, an' a braaass band an' moight be zome dancin' an' zingin'—an' a barrel or two o' zoider. An' don't yew be asking me to come to Farbridge then—not loikely—'cos Oi like to be where volks is spendin' their money an' not zaving it. But yew volks please yourselves. Yew don't have no festival if yew don't want one. Have a noice funeral instead." And he grinned and scratched his head throughout the tumult that followed; mostly cheers but a few loud, indignant protests.

It was now the Radio Plumber's turn, and this was an anxious moment. He had a habit, as every listener knew, of opposing the majority, or sharply or sullenly disagreeing with the customer, in old plumber fashion, to show his independence. But tonight he was not risking it. He went with the tide, though in his own fashion.

"Farbridge 'ave a festival? Ev'ry time! Gow orn," he jeered. "What's the metter with yer? 'Ave a bash at it, people, an' mike yer mis'rable selves 'appy for once. Don't tike no notice of Dan Cobbley. Ly off thet cider—turns you up proper inside. An' 'e can keep 'is bress bends far as I'm concerned. But yer don't want to let nobody talk yer out of 'avin' a festival—Tarn Carncillors or no Tarn Carncillors—an' if they don't like it, tell 'em to go an' wipe a joint. Naow—but listen—I'm serious. What's the use of always grumblin' an grahsin' an' sying it's all dreary in good old England these dyes—an' then when even the Government — yes, even the perishin' Government—asks yer to do a festival—yer go an' turn it dahn? So I sy—mike yer minds up to 'ave one—sharp—see?"

"Well," said Wendron, when the applause was dying down, "the answer to that question is a very decided yes, and it won't be our fault if Farbridge still decides against a festival. Now the next question——"

THE remaining ten minutes were an anti-climax: the great question had come and gone.

Laura experienced that sudden, shattering descent from high to low spirits which is the lot of most performers, and explains why so many of them take to drink.

She merely took a cold supper that Seth Hull had laid on for his friends at the White Hart; but although everybody congratulated her, and there was a decided air of triumph about the occasion, she still felt depressed and wished she could have gone straight home. She sat next to Theodore, who was obviously bewildered and rather disappointed because she seemed so lifeless.

"In my opinion," Seth was saying in his flat, heavy way, "this has done it, chaps. Yer'll see."

"Young Seacombe swears he'll get us some

Continued on page 28

Ramparted Calvi: by day, the simple life in an idyllic décor; by night, "unique in the world"

Corsica's human cocktail

by DOROTHY CARRINGTON

The romantic island where celebrities once jostled has now become anyone's playground. And they all crowd into Chez Tao

AN HOUR'S FLIGHT FROM THE sophisticated Côte d'Azur, Corsica rises precipitously out of the sea, a jagged pile of forested mountains apparently as uninhabited as the island of Robinson Crusoe. Calvi, its most advertised resort, turns out to be a crumbling, mediaeval walled village overlooking a vast sandy bay, unencumbered by villas or hotels, where pine trees grow almost to the sea.

Few things could seem more out of place in this colourful South Sea décor than Chez Tao, a Russian night club in an ancient house on the ramparts—"unique in the world," as its owner, Tao Kerefoff, grandly describes it.

Kerefoff is a White Russian refugee of the original 1918 vintage. He fled to Constantinople after the revolution, acquired fame and fortune dancing his native dances in Paris and New York, and finally retired to Calvi, where he has been for the last twenty years. Here he found his beautiful Corsican wife, who, with her slanting eyes, high cheek-bones and superb movements, look like a Russian ballerina. "In the road of life, you never know what you meet up," Tao explains in his pidgin English which is, however, no worse than his French.

Tao has "met up" plenty during his years in Calvi. Joined by Prince Yousoupoff of Rasputin fame, and his extravagant retinue of impoverished compatriots, he made Calvi the most exotic, if not the most comfortable, resort on the Mediterranean during the 1930s. Corsica, then as now, was primitive to the point of austerity. Tourists could swim, fish, shoot, ride, mountaineer in magnificent scenery and a perfect climate, but there was nothing on earth for them to do after sundown. When Chez Tao opened up, it was the only night club on the island.

In the fifteenth-century Palais Giubega, once a bishop's residence, in the vaulted cellar which had been a chapel, Tao installed a bar, American style, and a Russian gipsy orchestra. Calvi inhabitants still speak in awed tones of the all-night orgies of those glamorous prewar summers, when every bar-stool held a celebrity, when shining white yachts jostled each other in the little fishing port and ex- and sub-royalties reeled through the cobbled alleyways of the citadel. "The age of gold," they call it.

When the Duke of Windsor unexpectedly arrived and Tao found that his compatriots had drunk him out of suitable liquor, he hastily shook up a dangerous concoction with whatever came to hand and offered it as "the famous bear cocktail." "Called after the Russian bear, I suppose," commented the Duke. Tao thought a moment, then answered: "No, your Royal Highness, because one walks out on all fours afterwards."

The war brought Calvi's pinchbeck golden age to an end. The gorgeous Yousoupoff and his gang went elsewhere; Tao went happily to fight; Italians occupied the Palais Giubega, smashed its windows, its furniture, its streamlined plumbing, unrivalled on the island. But Tao, with his irrepressible refugee's optimism, returned after the liberation and opened up amid the debris for the first £50-limit British tourists. "Began again at the grand zero," he cheerfully recounts. "Now Tao go up little by little." Indeed it is impossible to imagine him really down. Today, at fifty, he looks thirty-five at most; an impressive six-foot figure, magnificent when he occasionally appears in the flaring white coat and black fur Cossack cap of his old cavalry uniform.

Film Star's Boost

That Tao has managed to "go up" in the absence of prewar luxury tourists is largely due to the camps. The first of these camps was established in the pine woods at the edge of the beach, predominantly French, boosted by the visit, the year before last, of film star Jean Marais. Then Tao, with some Russian friends, obtained a concession for another and rival organization. This, operating from agencies in London and Paris, opened in the early summer of last year, and also set up tents along a strip of the golden coast of Calvi.

The sunburnt campers poured into Chez Tao last summer, together with hikers, hotel visitors, and, not least, the local Corsicans. Swarthy young athletes, well-pressed English stockbrokers and their wives, lean poets, sober French civil servants and their families mingled with Calvi's fishermen and labourers, peasants from the mountains, fantastically tattooed merchant seamen from Marseilles, upstanding Spahis and policemen on leave from French Morocco.

Chez Tao functions without any of the usual night-club equipment, without orchestra, cabaret or crooner: its entertainment consists in the quality of its human cocktail, shaken together by what Tao describes as "my atmosphere." He aims to be both host and entertainer: singing wild gipsy songs to scratched old Russian records, or telling of Caucasian magicians or notorious society scandals. Being a Mohammedan he is himself forbidden to drink wine, but compromises on beer laced with *eau de vie*, a whitish spirit made locally on the same principle as brandy. "First cousin of vodka," is how he describes it.

"My friend, great Corsican gentleman," is how he introduces the village stonemason to the English colonel's wife. "Welcome," he exclaims to the slightly intimidated Scottish schoolmistress, "to a corner of old Russia lost in the heart of Corsica. Me proud to call you sister."

Six Young Stalwarts

It is Tao who directs tourists to the ruined house on the ramparts where Corsicans claim that Christopher Columbus was born and dreamed of sailing the Atlantic. It is he who marshals them to the Festival of the Virgin when her statue is carried from the church in procession round the ramparts on the shoulders of Calvi's six most stalwart young men. The stalwart young men are usually rioting in Chez Tao until close on time for Mass, and it falls on Tao to tidy them up in time for the ceremony.

He can procure the local sportsman who will organize boar hunts and shooting expeditions in the surrounding maquis, the sweet-scented evergreen scrub that covers all the lower mountain slopes of Corsica, famous hide-out in time of war, and an impenetrable jungle to the stranger. He will also find the fisherman to take visitors down the spectacular rocky coast to Porto, where the cliffs are crimson granite and they can stop off at one of the modest *pensions* (as cheap as

12s. a day), in the charming little village hidden in a eucalyptus wood near the sea.

At first tourists are bound to feel disconcerted that the Corsicans, possessing a climate and scenery unequalled in western Europe, have done so little for their convenience. Transport, for those without cars, is by irregular buses uncomfortably overloaded with peasants, babies, bicycles and chickens in crates; all but a few hotels outside Calvi, Ile Rousse, Ajaccio and Bastia are country inns where they must make do with a jug of cold water and three nails on the wall. The stubborn conservatism of the older Corsicans is responsible.

There is a story of an enterprising Frenchman who wanted to lease a strip of glorious uninhabited coast for building a hotel. Seeing that the owner of the land, an elderly peasant, seemed unwilling, he pointed out that the hotel would bring many tourists. "What, bring tourists here?" roared the old man. "And what would our grandmothers say if our daughters learned to wear shorts?" The daughters have learned to wear shorts, but the hotels seldom get built.

Corsicans, none the less, have the old-fashioned virtue of hospitality. The tourist arriving at a village inn may receive a boisterous welcome, the occasion for a banquet with the proprietor's best home-grown wine, his wife's most succulent cooking.

Food, being produced and consumed locally, varies greatly from district to district. Tao is always willing to give visitors the benefit of his advice. When a dyspeptic-looking French professor asked him if Bonifacio, on the southern tip of the island, was worth visiting, Tao studied him gravely and then answered: "All depends on the state of your digestion." The inhabitants of Bonifacio live almost entirely on *langouste*, which they draw out of the sea in gigantic quantities. For those who enjoy *langouste*, their stay, in one of the two hotels, is a continual feast; for those who do not, a penance. *Langouste* twice a day for £1 a day—that is the attraction of Bonifacio, together with a romantic fortified town even more striking than Calvi, and sea caves where the water is bluer than that of the celebrated Blue Grotto of Capri.

Lack of information has blighted many Corsican journeys. Tao will supply it. He will warn, for instance, that in the inland villages there are no chemists' shops, so that the visitor must carry what he needs; that on the deserted sub-tropical east coast there is some malaria and not one civilized hotel; that Corsicans, proud and independent, are insulted by bribes and, sometimes, even by tips. He will reassure the traveller, fed on fanciful tales of Corsican bandits, that though Corsicans will murder for jealousy and love, they never murder for money or steal from foreigners. "Everywhere safe as your Piccadilly," he explains. THE END

WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES

Continued from page 7

had squatted down to rest on a rock, looking like a weather-beaten eagle. The old man was grinning. They shook hands. To look at, Alejandro might have been Joao's son, although the young man was a Spaniard, a townsman and a gentleman.

"Well?" Alejandro prompted.

"I left the car near Castelo Branco in a belt of trees off a side road—hidden, but not very well," Maria answered.

"And then?"

"I took a ride from an old man who turned out to be the local carrier. He took me as far as Castelo Branco. There I had a meal and afterwards bought a ticket to Covilha. I was trying to look tragic and mysterious all the time I was waiting for the train, but I don't know whether I succeeded."

Alejandro stroked her neck. "Well enough," he said. "They will have remembered you. You are too beautiful to forget, my beloved." He turned to Joao. "Have you got the plan, old friend?"

Joao inhaled his cigarette and answered from a pale blue smoke cloud, "I have the plan." He pulled a folded paper from his pocket and spread it on the ground.

"Where?" Alejandro demanded. "Can it be done as you suspected?"

A strong brown forefinger searched for a second over the mine-architect's drawing and then prodded downwards, leaving an indentation.

Alejandro stared for a moment; then said, "Ten metres?"

Joao nodded.

ALEJANDRO rose to his feet and faced the mouth of the mine. "Show me where the place is," he said, walking forward into the pitch-black hole in the hillside. Joao limped beside him.

Maria, after a moment's hesitation, stayed in the sunshine. She did not like the mine. She was soon to have to live and perhaps die in it. She wanted to feel as much sunshine as she could in the time that remained to her.

When Alejandro and Joao returned from their exploration of the deserted tungsten mine, the three sat outside the entrance and talked for a while.

Then Joao stood up and kissed Maria. He said goodbye. It was the last time he would ever see her, or Alejandro, and he was as saddened as they were by the parting. Presently he limped off down the path. At the bottom of the hill, he turned to wave his hand.

Maria Isabel and Alejandro sat down together. The peace of decision was upon them. They had made their plans. They now had only to wait to see if the plans could succeed.

"No more running," Alejandro whispered, putting his sense of peace into words.

Maria leaned back and laid her head on his shoulder. "No more running," she said after him, but her thoughts were less peaceful. Instinct prompted her to run. Only complete trust in Alejandro had made her resigned to the thing they were about to do.

Alejandro was far away in his thoughts—at the beginning of his outlawry, when he had started to run. He was remembering his life in Pamplona in the shadow of the Pyrenees. He had been a teacher and, strangely enough, a rich one, for his family had owned property. The family lawyer had robbed him—crudely; in such a way that Alejandro quickly found out and put a stop to the thefts with words of contemptuous dismissal. But he had forgotten that the lawyer was a politician. He had been denounced as a Communist—he who detested all that Communism stood for.

Then, with the cruel delight of the sadist, the lawyer had prosecuted him for subversive activities against the state.

Alejandro had shot the lawyer and started to run. He had run to Madrid—and been found. He had run to Portugal, and been found. But in Portugal, he had also found Maria, who had the car ready when he jumped from the train that was taking him back to the vengeance of an affronted police state.

Now, at last, he had stopped running. He was going to stand. He was prepared. He could fight. Maria was to fight beside him. That was both his agony and his salvation.

"Bless you, my darling," he said, and kissed her. Then he stood up and walked towards the mine. "We must make a start."

Three days later, little Manoel, who was the eldest son to old Joao, appeared at the entrance to the mine. The police had arrived in Covilha and were making inquiries for a Spaniard and a girl.

Alejandro and Maria sat in the sunshine for as long as it takes to smoke a cigarette. After that, Alejandro rose silently and went to a rock shelf a few yards inside the mine. He returned with two machine pistols.

"Try not to kill them, my love," he said. "Aim low—at the legs."

JOAO PERREIRA limped past two grey-painted police cars outside the police station and pushed his way through the rickety swing-doors. In the office, he found the station sergeant and a strange lieutenant. He did not waste any time.

"*Bom dia*. I hear you are looking for a Spaniard and a girl."

Lieutenant Gargulo stared at him with the calculating look of an autocrat.

"*Bom dia*, old man. And supposing we are?"

"I saw a Spaniard with a girl the day before yesterday just outside the town." Joao contrived to look shifty and ill at ease—hard work for a man who had all the Portuguese peasant's pride and arrogance.

"How did you know he was a Spaniard?"

Joao licked his lips and told the story he had rehearsed until he was word perfect—how he had met the two strangers resting on the roadside, talking Spanish to each other, how he had answered their questions, telling them the road that led to the deserted mine, how the man had threatened him, warning him to keep his mouth shut.

Gargulo absorbed it all, hardly taking his eyes off Joao's face during the telling. Presently he glanced at the station sergeant.

"Is this likely to be reliable information?"

"The mine exists, lieutenant. It is a likely place. Perreira here was the foreman until he broke his hip under a fall of rock. He would be useful to us if they were to be in the mine."

Gargulo stood up.

"We'll go and have a look at your mine," he said. "You come with me, old man."

LIEUTENANT GARGULO had made a headquarters out of the old compressor building. Outside on the road, one of the grey police cars was deserted, while the second, even more forlorn, was tipped sideways in the ditch with steam coming out of its radiator where a burst from Alejandro's machine pistol had torn the pipes to wreckage.

Gargulo was coolly infuriated, or so he seemed to Joao. "A machine pistol, in God's name!" he said. "This is not going to be as easy as taking a winkle out with a pin."

From the other side of the mountain, a burst of machine pistol fire shattered the tense stillness of the place. Gargulo cursed bitterly. "Do you know what that is, old man?"

Joao knew perfectly well, but he shook his head and looked blank and humble.

"It is another machine pistol. And that damn girl must be using it on the men I sent round to the far end of the mine. I do not like to shoot women. . . ." The lieutenant tipped his hat back. "We've locked the back door and the front," he said. "But how are we to get into the parlour? You're sure there's no other way out?"

"Nothing."

"No ventilation shafts?"

"All these mountain mines are the same," Joao explained. "The tunnel cut through from end to end is all the ventilation one needs; it is sometimes sacredly draughty."

Gargulo nodded, then rose to his

"It's nice to have someone to talk to at breakfast, isn't it?"

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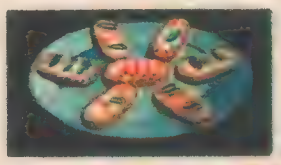

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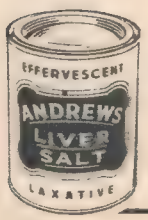

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feet and threw away the end of his cigarette. "I'm going to have a word with Peraza," he said. "He might listen to reason."

Gargulo worked his way up towards the black cavern in the mountainside. Alejandro saw him coming and smiled. He had spent days and nights thinking his way into the mind of a police commander faced with the present circumstances. He thought he knew every way by which the police would try to take him—a night assault, hand grenades, tear-gas. He and Maria were prepared for all these things. They lay in weapon pits made of rocks and mud. Unless the police managed to lob a hand grenade into the pits themselves, they would never harm them.

They both had Spanish Army gas masks. He had bought them at the same time as he had bought the machine pistols. Probably the only way in which they could be taken would be by a mass assault. This would cost a lot of policemen. Alejandro was putting his faith on the likelihood that the Portuguese would not be prepared to lose a lot of policemen for the sake of capturing a single "political" Spaniard.

"Peraza! Come out!" Gargulo shouted in bad Spanish from cover, fifteen yards from the mine entrance. "We have you corked up. You can't escape."

Alejandro did not answer.

"Don't be a fool!" Gargulo bellowed angrily. "If you resist arrest and kill one of my boys, you'll never see Spain to stand trial because we'll get you first, you cretin."

"I don't want to see Spain," Alejandro answered amiably. "I prefer to die in my own time without too much pomp and ceremony."

"Time is the word," Lieutenant Gargulo assured him. "We will sit here and starve you out—it's a slow death."

Rashly, Gargulo pushed his head up above the boulder behind which he was lying. He wanted to take a look at his opponent. A hail of nine-millimetre bullets spat into the earth, filling his eyes and hair with dust. He cursed angrily and made his way back to the compressor building.

NEXT morning, Lieutenant Gargulo ordered the classic dawn attack. His six men crept up and rushed the mine entrance. They came out of it with one man holed in the thigh. "Either he's a terrible shot or he's trying not to hit us," Gargulo said later to his second-in-command. All the same, he did not try again.

During the day, tear-gas bombs and a projector arrived by fast car from Lisbon. Gargulo pumped three of the things into the hole in the hillside. In answer, he received mocking and accurate bursts of fire which shattered first one, then another of the headlamps on one of his cars.

Stalemate.

Joao had been home to fetch meat and wine which Gargulo accepted with gratitude. The lieutenant was friendly—with a slightly contemptuous friendliness, true, but all the same friendly. It seemed to Joao that it was as much as the grim man would ever be. He decided to risk it.

"What now, lieutenant?" he asked after the tear-gas fiasco.

Gargulo sat down in the compressor building and put his feet up. "Ask me another," he said disgustedly. "God rot all Spaniards."

Joao looked diffident and respectful.

"I have an idea, if your honour will allow me."

Gargulo tilted the wine bottle, playing the thin red jet accurately into his gullet. "What?" he asked bluntly.

"You can easily get men on the hillside above the mine entrance—at both ends it is the same. A few well-placed borehole charges would blow in the entrances. You'd have no more trouble after that."

Gargulo sat up scowling. "I would not do it to a dog. Bury them alive! You have the mind of a Moor, old man."

Joao looked apologetic. Inside, he was cursing. He had not expected scruples from Gargulo. The policeman was showing himself to be awkwardly decent. He tried again. "It would be the kindest thing to do."

"Kindest! Are you crazy?"

Joao looked grieved and surprised. "Well, what are you doing now?" he asked. "Forcing them to sit and starve to death. It is obvious they will not surrender. The Spaniard is too proud. I know Spaniards."

Gargulo spoke quietly. He was a conscientious and not unkindly man beneath his grim exterior. "They can come out if they want to. Peraza can send the girl out and save her. The man is not yet condemned to death. It is not up to us to do the judge's job as well as our own."

"I am trying to see it from their point of view," Joao said uncomfortably.

Gargulo lost his temper. "You come sniffing for a reward, old man. That is all right by me, but now you are pretending to be a philosopher. I hate sadism disguised as philosophy. Shut up."

The old man took a risk and smiled a tender smile, such as the one he might have directed at Maria Isabel had he been able to. "We are none of us all informer or all philosopher, lieutenant. I have watched those two for two days. They are fools and criminals and probably bad, but they are gallant. I do not think they deserve to die by inches without being able to comfort one another. If you blew in the shaft at both ends, it would be all over. They have their pistols. They could make a decent end of it. . . ."

"Without being shriven?"

Joao shrugged. "If Peraza is anti-Franco the chances are he's a heretic." He watched Gargulo carefully, and it seemed to him that the policeman had been impressed by his argument, so he took his courage in both hands and continued. "I am an old man, lieutenant, and probably no wiser than most, but I can tell you what those two in the mine are asking you to do. They are asking you to make up their minds for them. That is the difficult part of suicide—the decision. If the entrances were blocked, they could shrug their shoulders and face the inevitable. They could sit down together in the

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"So this is what you mean by taking me to see a good picture"

silence, eat and drink, make love for the last time. . . ."

Gargulo looked for a long time at old Joao. Then suddenly he smiled at him, a thing he had not done before. "You are a romantic, old man," he said, standing up.

Joao smiled back. "What are you, lieutenant?"

"I am a policeman."

THE dust and fumes of gelignite hung over the mountain like a pall. Lieutenant Gargulo crossed himself. "So it is finished. How long would it take them to dig themselves out?"

Joao stared sombrely at the avalanche he had helped to create. "With their bare hands? Four, five, six months—maybe a year. The air might last them a fortnight."

Gargulo turned to the local sergeant. "To make quite sure, I want that mine watched at both ends for five days."

"Yes, lieutenant."

* * *

In the shaft, the light was dim. It illumined the outlines of a mattress, a pile of empty cans and a small stack of full ones. On the wall, chalk marks indicated the passing of days. There were eight of them.

Alejandro was working at the tunnel face; slowly, doggedly. Already the atmosphere had deteriorated, so that hard work caused an almost immediate breathlessness. He glanced at his watch. A half-hour had gone by. It was time to rest again. He started to crawl backwards down the upward sloping tunnel.

Maria, hearing his movement, dragged the last basket of rubble into the end of the mine working. The pile of spoil there was huge, twice as big as it should have been.

Alejandro measured his progress with a tape measure as he crawled. Eighteen metres. The plan had indicated that the end of the gallery went to within ten metres of the hillside. It was inaccurate.

In the heat, Alejandro and Maria both worked naked to the waist. Their backs were encrusted with dirt and coagulated blood from abrasions where they had caught themselves on rocks jutting from the roof of the tunnel. Maria's shoulders were rope-burned as a result of dragging loaded baskets down the tunnel. Their hands were bleeding; the fingernails worn and broken. Sweat ran down their bodies, making clean tracks on their skins. They were very slow, inarticulate and weary unto death.

They stumbled thirty yards down the gallery to the place where the mattress lay. Alejandro went beyond it and fanned fresher air into the place from the gallery beyond. He returned and picked up an alarm clock which he set to ring in half an hour.

Machine pistols, gas masks, food, water, medicines, picks and shovels, baskets—and an alarm clock. Not all of these preparations could decrease the depth of earth and rock which separated them from the world. That was the unknown. It was more horrible to them than death itself.

They worked four more shifts before Maria collapsed. She spoke then for the first time for hours. "Alejandro! Alejandro, I am dying!"

He crawled out of the tunnel frenziedly, hurting his knees, banging his head, weeping with despair. He gave her a drink and kissed her, cleaning her face with his tears.

"Don't leave me, Alejandro. Let me die in your arms, not alone. Lie here and rest and love me while we have time."

"Sleep, my darling," he said. "When you wake you will feel better."

"If I sleep, I shall not wake up. I feel as if I had already left my body and that only a little string remains for me to pull myself back. Don't leave me, Alejandro my darling. Please, please don't leave me."

He knew that he must leave her. He knew also that he regretted his plan. A lifetime of running would have been better—better than this. He loathed himself for bringing his love to die in the dark like an insect trapped by the crushing foot of man. He was tempted to lie beside her; to die, letting death come to them like sleep in each other's arms.

But he couldn't stop. He dragged his weary, filthy body back to dig, and dig, and dig.

At ten minutes to eleven that night, he saw the stars again.

She was alive, and he dragged her out of the tomb. He fed and washed and caressed her. Then, before he lay down beside her to sleep, he allowed himself to smile. Nearby, close to the cool River Ocreza where they could bathe their aching bodies, two suitcases were carefully hidden. He had not forgotten the alarm clock, nor had he forgotten money and passports and clean, respectable clothes. It was all over now. They were out of the darkness. They need not run from the light. THE END

STRANGE DEATH

Continued from page 10

shotgun. On the floor around him, in much the same pattern as he would use in the stubble, he had set out his decoys. Even under the pale light of the single floor lamp, against the unconvincing background of a carpet, they looked real enough to honk. Their backs slate grey, they all wore the black collar of the Canada goose; their bellies blended realistically from light grey to white.

Shortly after ten o'clock, Sam lay down on the sofa with the alarm clock beside him set for 2 a.m.

He was up and half-dressed before the clock went off. He had been going out like this on the first day of the goose season for as long as he could remember. The old eagerness was there each time, fresh and tingling as ever.

The side road down to Nick's farm was a prairie trail, deeply rutted, with the grass still growing between the grooves worn by the car wheels. Nick was waiting for him at the gate with a lantern in his hand.

"They're still there," said Nick. "A big flock. You'll shoot lots of geese this time."

"Hope so," said Sam. "Where did you dig the blind?"

"On the other side of the same field where you shot the last time. You'll find it all right. Good blind," said Nick.

Sam nodded and trudged across the farmyard, through the first field and into the next, where Nick had fixed up the blind. It was a good one. Nick had dug a grave-like pit about two feet down and banked the parapet with sheaves to make it look like a forgotten stook on the edge of the bare field.

Sam set out his decoys. Then he skipped back to the blind, took out his gun and settled back on a sheaf to wait.

If they liked the look of the decoys, then the big birds would land, planing down on their five-foot wingspread, rocking slightly in the air as they gauged their approach. When they were coming in, Sam would have his chance. As a matter of fact, he would have a second chance while they completed their landing and made the short run to get airborne again. With luck, when he was through, there would be six, maybe eight or even ten of the big grey birds flailing the harsh stubble with their broad wings.

Sometimes that would be the day's shoot. But if a man were patient, he would sometimes get a shot at another flock. And there was always the evening flight. There was always another day. Sam smiled, leaned forward and peered into the thin ground haze rolling slowly across the field. He could hear the geese now, gabbling as they stirred themselves. They were active and ready to move.

SAM scanned the sky carefully. Any moment now there would be the powerful pinions. Sweating a little, he pushed his cap back from his brow, and, as he did, his eyes were attracted by something moving along the wire fence where it snaked over the slope down to the river.

The bright edge of the sun was visible now, and in the new, hard light it gave, Sam saw something which made his breath come faster. Geese, about fifty of them, were walking in Indian file along the line of the fence where he had seen something moving. They moved with the awkwardness of birds who are graceful only in the air. They rocked and waddled as they marched behind their leader, a huge albino drake.

Sam peered closer. He had heard of geese walking short distances, but never a quarter of a mile. This was unnatural. In fact, there was something unearthly about the whole scene—the big white goose (he had seen albinos before, but never one of this size and majesty)—the ponderous, slightly ridiculous birds trudging and rolling along on their broad-webbed feet.

At a point opposite his decoys, they swung into the field and, not more than fifty feet from him, began to feed. The albino stood guard, solitary and strong, while the rest of the flock, with their long necks curved so their broad bills lay flat along the ground, swept the stubble with greedy speed for the forgotten grain.

It was daylight now and the ground haze had gone. Sam lost his last doubt. The scene was real, all right. A flock of geese had walked a quarter of a mile to their feeding ground and were now stuffing themselves in full view of him and there was nothing he could do about it. You couldn't shoot a sitting bird—that was against the rules. They were supposed to fly in, swooping down to offer a sporting target.

Sam spat. But there *was* something he could do about it. A shot over their heads would make them rise and then he would have his shooting.

He grinned as he slid his shotgun up until he was holding it lightly in both hands, ready to throw it to his shoulder. The white drake was looking in his direction now and his small pink eyes seemed to be staring right at Sam's. The old bird probably knew he was there. Probably had it all figured out. Sam felt a sudden new respect for the enemy.

He crouched tensely for a moment; he stood up; he threw his gun to his shoulder. To his left, there was a blur of white that distracted him for a moment and his finger hesitated on the trigger. And then it was too late to shoot, for Sam had been knocked flat on his stomach over the edge of the wheat sheaf parapet and his gun had flown out of his hands in the other direction.

HE had fallen so quickly that he was not sure what had happened. There had been a beating rush and a heavy body striking him between the shoulders. He had smelt the familiar, wild, oily smell of geese and now he lay on his back looking up into the baleful red-rimmed eyes of the albino drake.

Sam sat up slowly and shook his head. The bird remained motionless a yard away, watching him.

What had been unnatural and a little ridiculous was now an outrage. Sam felt nothing but anger now, a fierce anger that carried him to his feet on its crest. He advanced a step towards the big goose and batted at it with his cap. The bird retreated, hissing, but the gun was still out of reach.

Then Sam lost his temper. Lashing the bird with his cap, he advanced, shouting wildly: "Get out, get out!" The goose retreated slowly, its long sinuous neck undulating and weaving. Sam was close to his gun now and if he could just get his hands on it he would blast every one of them—whether they were on the ground or not.

A step, and he would have it. Flailing at the bird with his cap, he lunged forward. The goose recoiled, and then, as he leaned down to grasp the gun, the albino struck him in the back. Its strong wings beat him

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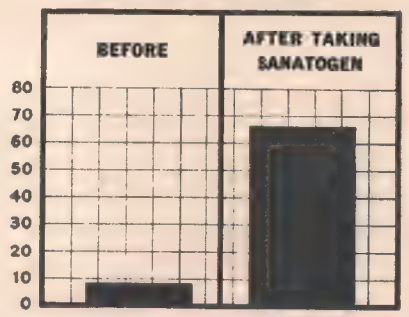

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down. He fell heavily forward. The stubble gouged his face and he breathed dust as he lay prostrate and stunned.

Slowly, he rolled over on his back and the drake was still there, watching him. The anger was gone now. Sam was frightened. Each time he stirred, the bird advanced menacingly. He lay there for an hour while the sun wheeled high. Sweat mingled with chaff around his neck to make a cruel abrasive.

Perhaps Nick would come to look for him when he was late coming back. . . . No, Nick would not disturb him, not for a long time. Nick knew he liked to hunt alone.

Another half hour passed. He had to get out of there somehow. He couldn't be held prisoner by a goose. Perhaps if he tried to go in the other direction, away from the gun, the bird would not attack him. He sat up slowly and the bird stood steady.

Sam rolled over on his hands and knees and began to crawl—away from the blind, from the gun, in the direction of the farm. The bird was following him, not pecking at him, just following him. The stubble cut his hands and tore through his trouser knees. He was fifty yards away now. Perhaps if he stood up. . . . There. He looked over his shoulder. The bird had stopped stalking and was watching him. Still looking over his shoulder, Sam began to run.

He stumbled into Nick's yard, scratched and bleeding, with his breath coming in painful jerks. Nick ran to the gate to meet him.

"Hey, you hurt? What happened? Did you get shot? Hey!"

Sam sat down on the step of the pump in the yard. "Nick," he breathed heavily, "I've got to tell you. I don't expect you'll believe it, but I've—out there in the blind——." He talked slowly, pausing frequently to convince himself again that it had really happened.

When he had finished, Nick's tanned face was grave. He did not smile. All he said was: "They're smart birds, those geese."

SAM lurched to his feet. His torn face was flushed with darker anger once more. "Sure they're smart. Why do you suppose I've been hunting them all these years? But they're no smarter than I am. I'm the hunter, Nick. Me," he said, punching his narrow chest once.

Nick looked up at him. This time he smiled. "Don't get excited. Maybe it didn't happen. Besides. . . ."

"Besides what? I tell you it did happen! And I'll tell you something else! I'm going back to town and get another gun and I'm going to kill that white goose and every other goose I see. Every goose I see!" Sam's voice was close to a shriek.

Nick rose. "Look, Sam, you go home and have a drink and a good rest. Try to forget about it. This is a crazy business."

"You think *I'm* crazy, don't you? Well, maybe I am. But I'm coming back with another gun, Nick."

"Don't do it, Sam," said Nick softly. "Don't do it. Something bad might happen."

Sam snorted. "Something will happen all right. That big white hoozier is going to get killed."

* * *

Sam followed part of Nick's advice. He had a drink; he had several before he took down his number two gun, cleaned it, put it back in the case and came out to the car. Half a mile from Nick's gate, where the road curved over a rise and then dropped down towards the river, down past the high culvert to the edge of the wheat field, Sam slowed down momentarily. The field looked neat and barbered in the golden autumn haze of late afternoon. It was a peaceful, beautiful setting and in it he was going to kill his enemy.

And yet it was not so strange, Sam thought as he looked. All his life he had hunted the big birds. He had plotted against them, tricked them and killed them. Could it be that in their secret wild cunning they knew? He thought of the humiliation of the morning. Sam was sure the big white one knew who he was. Sam hoped he did. He wanted it that way when he killed him.

He slackened speed as he approached the high fill of the culvert. The road was narrow here and light guard rails narrowed it still more. The sun glare was bad, too.

THE explosion came out of the sun, it seemed. First there was the crash and the windshield was shattered in a sunburst of its own. The flat glass suddenly became a mosaic, intricate and strange, and then the pattern dissolved and Sam felt a hundred little knives of flying glass and a heavy blow on the side of the head. He fought for the steering wheel, but the car, in its flight, took it away from him. He heard the splintering of the wooden rail and then he was falling. It seemed as though he was falling for a long time.

The jolt, when it came, crumpled time and space and feeling, leaving only silence. Sam opened his eyes and he saw the sky. All around him was silence, silence and a familiar smell. He tried to rise, but he couldn't. He could turn his head, though, and he saw he was lying near the car from which he had been thrown. The door was bulged and blown open as though by an explosion. Petrol was dripping; its stench rose slowly over the other smell.

He looked away. Beside him on the ground was the broken body of the white drake. That was the smell. Dead birds. Death.

He tried to reach out to touch the white bird, but he couldn't. He could hear sounds now. Was it someone calling? Nick, perhaps, was running to help him. Or was it the wild high keening of a flock of geese flying south? Sam couldn't be sure.

He sighed and the breath fled painfully from his crushed chest. He couldn't be sure of anything except that Nick had been right and something bad *had* happened. THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Nosey parkers

IF I had to name the world's most difficult job, I would say it was learning to mind your own business.

The desire to "boss" is universal, and it's not an admirable trait. It's not necessary to *dominate* in order to help. Real help, indeed, often necessitates deferring to someone else's opinion rather than imposing your own will.

It would be a nicer world if nosey parkers could be abolished!

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"And take the birds—is it the female who wears the bright colours? . . . No, sir, it's the male! . . . Take the lion——"

BEE-KEEPER WITH A SIXTH SENSE

Continued from page 14

that the recipient knows enough about bee-keeping to be able to look after a hive.

A host of beliefs centres around swarming. The first swarm after the death of a bee-keeper is carefully watched; if the swarm is taken easily it means the bees are content to stay with their new master. If the swarm settles on a dead branch it is believed that the new master will not live long to own them. Similarly, a girl was once considered to be a proven virgin if she could walk through a swarm of bees unhurt.

"Bees are wonderful insects," says Leverton. "They believe in allowing only the fittest to breed. On the queen's nuptial flight it's the strongest drone who mates with her. And when she lays her eggs she can decide whether they are to be worker eggs or drone eggs. Yet *we* cannot decide the sex of our children!"

The queen mates once only, but she remains fertile for about three years. When she becomes infertile she continues to lay eggs, but they will produce only drones. Artificial insemination of queens is now being practised by hymenopterists — bee scientists—who are engaged on experiments in selective breeding. Newly hatched virgin queens are given a whiff of carbon dioxide, and insemination is effected by a syringe made of a Perspex compound with a bore of .002 inches. Impregnated queens are on the market at about £1 apiece. These experiments aim at producing a hybrid bee with a long tongue and a big honey stomach. The nectar of some flowers is lost to bees with short tongues, who cannot reach the sugar sac.

It was a scientist who discovered how messages are transmitted from bee scouts, who have found nectar, to workers inside the hive. The scout bringing the news performs a dance on the vertical surface of the honeycomb. This, together with the position of the dancer in relation to the sun, tells the others the direction and distance of the nectar.

Last year 200,000,000,000 pounds of honey came from the hives of Britain's 80,000 bee-keepers. Though Leverton says, "There are too many so-called experts about who haven't had practical experience," he admits that new appliances and modern methods are an improvement on the old. "In my father's day," he recalls, "we used to kill the bees by burning sulphur under the hive. Then the combs were crushed. The whole lot—hive, dead bees and crushed combs—were hung up in an old curtain for the honey to drain through."

Today's methods are cleaner and more economical. Honeycombs are placed in the extractor, which whirls the honey from the cells. The combs are undamaged and can be used again. In the mining village of Skeby, on the borders of Notts and Derbyshire, where Jack Leverton lives, July 19 is the day on which honey extraction begins. And honey made by the bees after that date is left in the hives for winter food.

Fussing Holds Up Work

Leverton interferes with his hives as little as possible. Once every eight days during the nectar-gathering season he goes through them, looking for queen cells, which he squashes to prevent the bees from swarming. "Beginners and many self-styled experts mess about with their bees too much," he contends. "The more you fuss about with them the less work they do, and the queen gets too bothered to lay eggs."

His own bees recover in twelve hours after he has "worked the hive," so deft is his handling and so sparing his use of smoke. There is a gentle rhythm about his actions. His instinct tells him whether to open up a hive or not; yet, although his judgment has been proved right time after time, he is unable to teach this knowledge to his sons.

That is one reason why the scientific approach to bee-keeping is infiltrating even into Jack Leverton's apiary. His son George, a master-farrier, has installed a microscope with which he examines dead bees to find out the cause of death. "But I've never been able to contradict my father," he says. "The microscope always confirms what he says."

THE END

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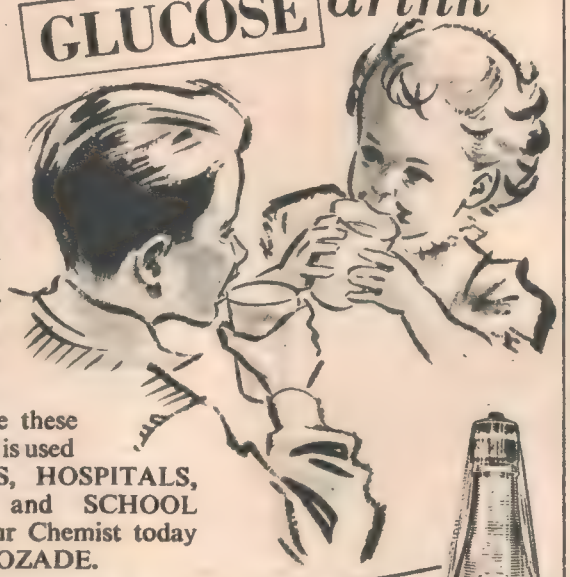

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FESTIVAL AT FARBRIDGE

Continued from page 20

first-class publicity out of it," said Mobbs. "And if he can't, I will. Do it on my head—bingo!"

"So could I," said the Commodore, who was looking very pleased with himself. "And—by George—I must say I'm kicking myself for not having looked into this radio thing earlier. I was talking to that B.B.C. fellow, and he tells me that imitation farm labourer, Cobbley, is paid twenty guineas a time for that nonsense of his. I must look into it as soon as this Festival is off my hands." He looked majestically round the table, very sure of himself. "Laura, my dear, you were perfect. My instinct to let you do it was right. My dear, a drink. What's the matter?"

"I'm rather tired," said Laura, feeling silly and wanting to cry. And she did cry, too, once Theodore had taken her home and she had been rather snappy with him and left him looking bewildered, and had then exchanged a few remarks with Hilda and Ernest Saxon and hurried up to bed. Just the sort of idiotic way, she told herself fiercely, she would end what had been—or ought to have been—a wonderful evening.

COMMODORE TRIBE'S self-satisfaction did not vanish overnight. Next morning, although not quite the expansive, radiant being who had sat up exchanging reminiscences with little Mobbs and Seth Hull, he still felt that his luck was in and that the world, on which the sun was shining at last, was a better place than he had lately imagined it to be. After a leisurely breakfast in his room, he dressed slowly and with unusual care, humming the compositions of Leslie Stuart. Then, lighting a pipe, he went along to the office, exchanged a few words with Laura, who was inclined to be a little snappy, and at last went off to keep his appointment at the Palace Theatre with the chairman and vice-chairman of the Farbridge Theatre Company.

It was a delightful morning, filling the street with clear light and soft, warming air. The windows of Jordan's Stores had charm and dignity. Spring had arrived at the haberdasher's. Woolworths in its scarlet and gold was as bright as a new toy. Even Walmer's ironmongery—*Pzzz*—glittered invitingly.

For the first time, the Commodore looked about him with a fond paternal eye. This morning he no longer felt a stranger in Farbridge. It seemed almost home to him. A pleasant town, not too big, not too small, and admirably balanced between the old and the new. If he had to settle in England—there were times when he longed for more sun, of course—this was probably the right sort of place for him. He saw himself as an admired Farbridge character. Our dear old Commodore! And no doubt, once he had put the Festival on the map, they would offer him something good. Before he could decide what that something good ought to be, and so crown the pleasing little daydream, he had arrived at his destination.

Undoubtedly the Palace Theatre looked both tawdry and forlorn in mid-morning. And the manager, even in the subdued light of the foyer, looked horrible—the shiny suit, the shinier hair and moustache, the waxiness of him, that resurrected corpse's whisper—as if Edgar Allen Poe had tried his hand at creating a theatre manager!

But the Commodore, hiding his

"It would be an even more perfect evening if you'd try spoiling it a little"

distaste, was immensely affable, if condescending.

"Your people all ready for me? Good! And I'm all ready for them. This may prove to be a great moment in the history of your theatre, my dear fellow. You heard what happened last night in the B.B.C. show at the Corn Exchange?"

"No, did anything happen?" The manager looked at him. "Our takings were down a bit, I noticed."

"Yes, yes—well, I imagine your chairman and vice-chairman know all about it," said the Commodore heartily, although he could not help feeling rather disappointed. "We're on the move. Yes, on the move. Well—lead the way, if you don't mind."

Humbly, sadly, the manager knocked on the office door, opened it very gently about six inches, said something that the Commodore could not catch, then sadly, humbly, stepped aside for the Commodore to make his grand entrance.

"Good morning, gentlemen," cried the Commodore; and then his bluff opening remark, rehearsed silently on the stairs, died in his throat. He could only gape and goggle. This was what the bright morning, in the infinite treachery of events, had been keeping for him. This was what he had hummed and smiled and daydreamed on his way to. The Old Ironist had been at work again. For there, behind the desk, was a small, elderly man with a long nose and a thin beard and a scraggy mean look—Crandry. And by his side, scrubbed and shrimp-pink, proud and bloodshot, was Colonel Whatmore. The chairman and the vice-chairman of the Farbridge Theatre Company, Limited!

THEN the Commodore, who had his moments of greatness, sharply recovered himself. He settled heavily in an armchair, took out his pipe and pouch, and said: "Well, Mr. Crandry—how's the Kremlin?"

It was a clever move because the sheer audacity of it rattled Crandry, who had been sitting there grimly complacent. At their previous encounter, he had lost his temper while the Commodore had remained cool and impudent. No doubt he had hoped to do better this time; but the Commodore's opening remark was too much for him. He lost his temper again.

"I've just been telling Colonel Whatmore," he cried in his harsh scream, "that you're nothing but a confounded charlatan, and that I

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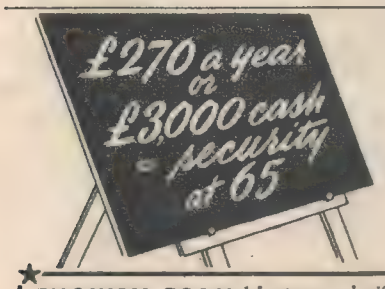

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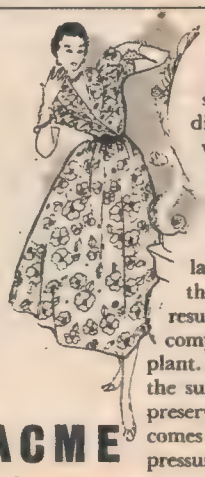

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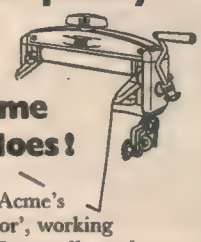

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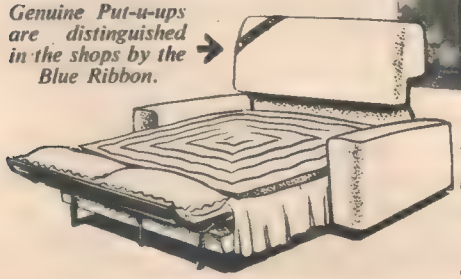

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ICE 153-80

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discharged you on sight from my *Foreign Affairs* monthly."

"Actually, I resigned, Whatmore," said the Commodore to that gentleman, who immediately looked as if his blood pressure had jumped to 180. "Now let's talk about these theatres. I was here the other night, by the way, and was quite shocked by the performance and the apathy of the audience and the whole atmosphere of the place. Even you two ought to do better than that."

"Now listen to me," Crandry screeched. "We decided to see you here this morning so that we needn't waste any more time on you. Now understand this." And he slapped the desk. "Three things, just three things. First—even if there was a festival here, we wouldn't let you come near our theatres. Second—there won't be a festival here. Third—you'd better stop mountebanking round this town and clear out as soon as you can. That's all."

"And let me add," said Colonel Whatmore frostily, "that I'm in entire agreement with Mr. Crandry."

The Commodore had his pipe going now, and appeared to be enjoying it. "I don't know what you mean by 'mountebanking,' but Crandry's always a little wild, so we'll let that pass. But I'd like to point out that the odds are now there will be a Farbridge Festival—you've probably heard what happened last night on that B.B.C. programme—remarkable demonstration—and I'd also like to remind you that it's a mistake for men who run theatres to ignore public opinion. Clearly you don't like me. A pity, though I must confess that I don't like you fellows, either. And do stop blowing and jigging and fussing, Crandry. We can't discuss things calmly——"

"There isn't going to be any discussion," Crandry shouted.

"Quite so," said Colonel Whatmore. "Nothing more to be said. And I strongly advise you to stop making a nuisance of yourself here in Farbridge—Mr.—er——"

"Not Mr. er. My name's Tribe. And if you wish to give me a courtesy title—it's Commodore——"

"Rubbish," said Crandry. "I've had that looked into, and there isn't any such rank, even if you ever served in the Navy, which I doubt."

The Commodore stared at him. "I must say, my dear sir, you go to extraordinary lengths to be offensive. Not only did I hold a commission in the Royal Navy — I was a lieutenant-commander when I resigned — but I can also give you proof that I'm entitled to the courtesy title of commodore, a rank I had for some years in one of the major South American republics, to which I was sent, in the first place, by the Admiralty—in conjunction," he added grandly, "with the Foreign Office." He looked sternly from one to the other. "I'm much too busy at present to want to involve myself in an action for slander. But if there's much more of this, I'll bring an action and ask for damages that will surprise you. By George—some of you fellows who have saved a few pennies think you can say and do anything you like."

There was no time for them to reply because the manager looked in to announce that Mr. Corby-Smith had arrived, and was told to send him up.

"Mr. Corby-Smith," said Crandry, "is the editor of the *Weekly Record*, the only newspaper published here in Farbridge. You'll also be interested to know that I'm the managing director of the company that publishes the *Weekly Record* and that

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

Colonel Whatmore is a member of the board and one of the chief shareholders. And the *Weekly Record* is the only advertising medium of any importance both in Farbridge and the surrounding districts. I thought you'd like to know, *Commodore*."

"Very interesting. By the way, there's a line or two in some of the national dailies this morning about Farbridge and its Festival. Just a beginning, of course. I see these newspapers in all the shops, so I presume they're read here. Every day, too—not once a week for the small advertisements."

MR. CORBY-SMITH came in. He was a tall, elderly man with a narrow skull and pince-nez, a high stiff collar and a spotted bow tie; and suggested a minor character actor having a shot at the editor of *The Times* in an Edwardian play.

"Good morning, Mr. Crandry," he said in a plummy voice. "Good morning, Colonel Whatmore. May I smoke? We old journalists, you know—slaves of the weed." He fitted a gasper into a long holder, lit it, sat down and half-closed his eyes, did some knowing business with his pince-nez and the cigarette holder, and looked as if he were about to help Disraeli with the Suez Canal problem. The Commodore wrote him off as a pompous ass.

"Corby-Smith," said Crandry, who clearly had no respect for him, "you attended this B.B.C. thing last night, didn't you?"

"I did, Mr. Crandry. I thought it wiser to go there myself, though, of course, I had a reporter present——"

"Yes, yes, we don't need all that. Point is—you heard this talk about a Farbridge Festival and the clapping, and know what it amounted to, eh?"

"I did. And afterwards burned the midnight oil writing a leader about it to catch this week's issue. I said there——"

"We don't want a leading article," Crandry interrupted rudely. "Just give us your opinion."

"Yes, of course, Mr. Crandry," said Corby-Smith hurriedly. "Well, in my opinion it was very easy to draw wrong conclusions from the apparently enthusiastic response. In the first place, a certain number of people had gone there with the intention of applauding this Festival question. No doubt about that. I took particular note of several of them, including this—er—gentleman." And he pointed his long holder at the Commodore, who merely raised his eyebrows at him. "These people encouraged the others, who, of course, were all excited as they generally are when they attend these B.B.C. functions. The broadcasters," he added, not without shrewdness, "saw which way the wind was blowing, and so followed the example—the deplorable example, I have ventured to call it—of Major Bulfoss."

"Dam' fool," Colonel Whatmore muttered.

"In short, didn't amount to anything really?" Crandry asked impatiently.

"No, Mr. Crandry. It was totally unrepresentative of considered Farbridge public opinion. There can be no question about that."

"And how much will you bet on it?" said the Commodore.

Corby-Smith looked at him as if he were only just there, perhaps a spectre about twelve inches high. "I don't bet. But I know something about public opinion. It's my business to know, as editor of the only newspaper here. What your business is——"

"Never mind about that," said the Commodore, nettled by this hoity-toity manner. "But next week we'll hold a public meeting, without any B.B.C. to excite everybody, and then you'll see."

"You won't," Crandry shouted angrily.

The Commodore stood up. "Why, who'll stop us?" He looked hard at Crandry and Whatmore, ignoring Corby-Smith, the stooge. "I didn't want it like this. You're playing it your way, not mine. You've told me I can't touch these theatres, there won't be a festival, and that I'd better clear out. Though why I ought to clear out when you're so sure I can't succeed, I can't imagine. You say last night didn't mean anything, and we can't even have a public meeting to prove it did. And I'm a charlatan." So far he had spoken quietly, but now he went nearer the desk, so that he began to tower above Crandry, and raised his voice. "You're playing it rough and tough, are you?" He brought his big fist down on the desk with such a bang that the other three jumped in alarm. "Well—by God—I'll play it rough and tough now. And we'll see how you like that."

He swung out, slamming the door, and was carried down the stairs and through the foyer by the sheer grandeur of his exit. But in the street he slowed up, and common sense began seeping back. It was all very fine, but what the blazes had he meant, anyhow? How did he begin playing it rough and tough? For that matter, what did it mean? And a nice mess he'd be in if they called his bluff on that threat about slander, if they really began investigating his naval career!

EVERYTHING that had pleased him along High Street on his way to the Palace was still there: in fact, the sun was higher, the light clearer, the air even softer and warmer, and the friendly people of this pleasant town were still more in evidence. But the scene no longer pleased him, and there were no more daydreams.

The Commodore who returned to the entrance lounge of the White Hart looked the same smiling, large man who left it earlier; but inside he was anxious and already wincing, wondering when and how the next blow would come. Nor was he kept wondering long, for it seemed that there was somebody waiting to see him, a Mr. York. At that moment the name meant nothing to him, and he imagined this was somebody on festival business.

Mr. York was a thick-set fellow with dull, brown eyes, rather like an angry bullock. He and the Commodore seated themselves in a quiet corner of the lounge.

"You don't know me," said Mr. York, staring hard, "but I know a good bit about you. I'm Frank York, from the Bell at Tredberrow."

Here it was—wallop! Lucy York's husband. The Commodore pulled himself together. "Oh — yes — the Bell. Very nice place you have there, too, Mr. York."

"That's right," said the other grimly, producing a bill. "And you owe it thirty-six pounds, eighteen shillings and sixpence. I don't know just what went on when you were there and I wasn't there—though I have my ideas—but I *do* know you owe me that money and if I don't get it—sharp—you're in for plenty of trouble."

The Commodore took the bill and pretended to examine it, to give himself time to think. He knew at once that he had not a hope of staying on in Farbridge if he ignored this bill and allowed York to do his worst. He had either to duck out, which meant abandoning the Festival scheme, or to pay up promptly, leaving himself broke but still having a sporting chance of pulling off the Festival. It took him ten seconds to make up his mind. "Well, Mr. York," he said pleasantly, taking

LIVING LANGUAGE

by George Beardmore

WHY do we say "hitting the bull's-eye"? In archery the sawn cross-section of a tree was sometimes used as a target, and the centre "eye" or ring corresponded to the present-day "gold."

Another word for the trunk of a tree is "bole," so that to hit the bole's eye—later corrupted to "bull's-eye"—meant hitting the target smack in the middle.

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out his cheque book, "there's no necessity, you know, to take that tone. I had to leave early the other morning to keep an appointment here. I would, of course, have got in touch with you. But I've been very busy. Here you are—a cheque for thirty-seven pounds. As you see, it's a cheque on a bank here in Farbridge, and there's nothing to prevent you from going round with it now."

"Nothing *is* going to prevent me," said York, with sardonic emphasis. "And after I've been round there, I'll leave your receipt here at the desk. But I'll just make sure of it first. If you *don't* mind."

"Not in the least," said the Commodore airily, rising. "If you prefer to conduct your business on these lines, just go ahead. But don't imagine I'll ever come back to the Bell."

"I wouldn't advise you to try," said York. "At least not while I'm there and I'll be there for some time now. A place like that," he added grimly, "needs a man about. You'd be surprised. Good morning, *Admiral*."

ON his way upstairs, the Commodore calculated that now he had not enough even to pay what he owed here at the White Hart. Seth Hull was friendly enough — and looked like being a great help with the Festival—but a Seth who found his bills unpaid might be very awkward indeed. It would have to be Theodore now.

He found him in the office talking to Laura. He told them about his interview at the Palace Theatre. "They told me we couldn't have their theatres even if there should be a festival, but that anyhow there wouldn't be a festival, and finally warned me that I was a suspicious character and better clear out."

"Oh—I say," cried Laura. "The beasts!"

"What did you tell them?" asked Theodore.

"I defied them grandly. By this time the editor of the local paper had arrived, to tell them that last night's enthusiasm about the Festival was a fake. A pompous stooge called Corby-Smith, and definitely one of the enemy."

"I was told that," said Laura. "But what exactly did you say to them, Commodore?"

He grinned, not without an effort. "Told them if they wanted to play it rough and tough, then I could play it rough and tough, too. Don't ask what I meant, because I don't know, though no doubt we'll think of something. But I want to have a word with you, Theodore, my boy."

He nodded and smiled. "Here I am, sir. At your service."

The Commodore shook his head. "Not Festival business. Private. Let's go down to the bar."

"Theodore!" cried Laura warningly. And he gave her a reassuring nod; but the Commodore, who had already left, did not see it.

"I'll be perfectly frank with you, my boy," said the Commodore, over their drinks. "Half an hour ago I had to make a choice. A man dunned me for a bill that I didn't expect, and I had to pay it. I paid it because if I hadn't I would have had to abandon this Festival idea. When I came here, I'd counted on not having to pay it, at least for some time. But there it is—and frankly, my boy, now I'm broke. Haven't even enough for my bill here this week. Now, after last night, I believe there's more than an even chance of our getting this Festival."

"So do I. In fact, I'm certain we'll do it. I was just saying that to Laura."

"In that case, my boy, you make it easier for me to say what I have to say. I want you to advance me a hundred or so to tide me over the next two or three weeks." He spoke with an easy confidence, smiling at the large, earnest young man, of whom by this time he was genuinely fond.

Theodore, turning brick-red, looked at him in obvious distress. "I'm sorry, Commodore—but—" he stammered—"I can't."

This was the worst blow of the morning. "I was under the impression you had plenty of money, Theodore. That's what you told me."

"Yes—it isn't that—it's—it's——"

"If you're trying to tell me it's not a good risk," said the Commodore slowly, "you needn't hesitate. I'll admit it. But I don't bilk my friends." Suddenly he felt old and tired and horribly alone. There came a time, it seemed, when you didn't know the world or the people in it any longer.

"No, you don't understand, Commodore," Theodore protested. "I don't care about risks. It's not that. It's——" But he could not say what it was. "Oh—damn and blast——" Then, without another word, he hurried out of the bar.

The Commodore sat on, staring at his drink without tasting it. He would have to make other plans, but at the moment he hadn't the heart to start making them. He found it hard even to wonder why young Jenks had behaved like that.

After what might have been two minutes or twenty, a folded piece of paper was dropped near his glass. Seth Hull was standing there, a wide grin across his square, meaty face.

"Chap left this for yer."

The piece of paper was the receipted bill from the Bell. The Commodore stuffed it into his pocket.

"You're not so pleased with yerself this morning, Commodore."

"I was. Too pleased with myself altogether. So then it all went wrong."

"Have another drink."

"No, thanks, Seth. But if you're getting yourself one, come back here with it."

"Well," said Seth a minute later, "what's up?"

The Commodore described his visit to the Palace. "I talked about playing it rough and tough with them," he said in conclusion, "but it wasn't a good bluff. Perhaps I ought to have climbed down."

"What's the matter with yer?" Seth was quite indignant. "Climb down nothing! Listen—I've had a go at them two before today, an' I'm ready for another. But that's not what's wrong. Don't tell me them two got yer down, 'cos I wouldn't believe yer."

"No, well, let's leave it at that."

Seth pushed out his thick lower lip and then wagged his head, the effect being that of a heavy and rather droll shrug.

"Please yerself, Commodore. Now—I'll bet yer've never seen the Three Black Boys, an' I've got to nip round there so yer'd better come along with me. Do yer good."

As they turned out of High Street, to cut through into Peter Place, Seth said: "Nicest little place in Farbridge. Been trying to buy it for years. But they won't come down to a proper price, though they're letting it go to wrack an' ruin. They're all old an' obstinate an' daft. Owner's an old woman about eighty, an' she's got the oldest solicitor yer ever saw—an' I can't get no sense out of 'em. And they're not doing much of a trade and, as I say, place is going to wrack an' ruin. But yer'll see what I mean in a minute."

At the far side of Peter Place was a short cul-de-sac, which the Commodore had never noticed before, called Saddlers Row. On the corner was a small old wine and spirits shop, with a broad, low doorway and an old-fashioned window, containing a few sample bottles of dry sherry, port and spirits. The faded lettering above the window announced that the shop was owned by Inchbald and Wainfleet.

"It's all one property," Seth said. "At back there's a storeroom an' a bit of an office, with cellars underneath, of course. Then there's a short passage that takes yer into the Three Black Boys. Entrance is down Saddlers Row here." He led the way round the corner.

THE tavern belonged to the same period as the wine shop, and had probably been built by the same man. To the left of the little entrance, panelled in dark wood, was a public bar, and to the right a little snug. Beyond the bar, which occupied a central position and must have been installed long after the tavern was first built, was a low-ceilinged, wide smokeroom, also panelled in dark wood, and with squat bay windows that looked on to a tiny courtyard. Facing the bar, and still labelled Coffee Room, was the best room of all, although it was obviously not much used now, and was in a bad state of repair. This was a long, narrow room, with four windows on the long outer wall, and a door in the centre of it, and these windows overlooked an unexpected walled garden, now a tangle of weeds.

"What d'yer think?" asked Seth.

The Commodore took a deep breath. They were alone in this last room; and indeed there were only a few people in the whole tavern. "If I'd the money, I'd buy this place if I had to talk to that old woman and

NOW YOU KNOW

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Generally, a libel is written or printed, a slander spoken. Libel can also be conveyed in a painting, carving on a wall or in an effigy; a slander conveyed in a gesture, such as a wink.

A plaintiff in a libel action does not have to prove financial loss; in slander he must—except if the slander charges a person with a crime punishable by imprisonment, defames him in a way of his business, imputes he has a contagious disease, or suggests a woman is unchaste.

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A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated May 19, and in JOHN BULL, dated May 26, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

MORE SWISS and SEASIDE HOLIDAYS

in next week's JOHN BULL!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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King Festival
Our Problem
Seeds Of Prosperity
Making Work
If You Ask Me
Man In Love
Extravagant
The Paper Shortage
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Something Lacking
They Reached The Moon And
A Jump Ahead
Awe-inspiring Sight
Dad's Motor-bike
In The Park
Given A Wide Berth
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Shock For The Thug

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Too ..... Today
Until It.....
He Knows His....., So
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Insult To.....
Walked Off With The.....

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,780 (or Xword 732), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

(*Continued from next column*)

shaw, Manchester: AMERICAN VISITOR —EXPECTS ICE, NOT "ICINESS."

(Above winners each also receives Sunday Dinner "Pension" as offered.)

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

"Bullets" Winners 1,775

FIRST PRIZE, £500: F. E. H. Stokes, Cwmbran, Down Road, Portishead:

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£50: W. E. Lucas, 304 Westdale Lane, Mapperley, Nottingham: TOO MANY PEOPLE—"CHASING" DOCTORS, NEED *Exercise*.

£25: W. R. Turner, 14 Alexandra Terrace, Tredegar: SHOT AT—COMMUNISM, KING'S *Open* CARRIAGE.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: D. Green, "Bryn Haulog," Llanrug, Caernarvon: AMERICAN VISITOR — DON'T "DO"—DON'T "DON'T"! £10: Mrs. H. V. Scott, 118 Westwood Road, Goodmayes, Ilford: DIDDLED THE CUSTOMS—GRANDAD—WATCHES INSIDE *Watch*! £5: Mrs. A. Banfield, 86A St. Stephen's Avenue, Shepherd's Bush, W.12: SHOT AT—DOVE—"KICKED AT," WOLF! £5: Mrs. H. Sloman, 48 Darlington Street, Cheetham, Manchester: MORE MEAT—WHEN *U-boats* "RATIONED" US! £5: L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester: NOW BABY'S PICKING—UP WORDS, *Pick* WORDS! £5: A. N. Tuck, Soho Hotel, Birmingham: IF WE COULD DECIPHER—SONNY'S SCRAWL, HAPPIER STILL! £5: W. M. Wilson, 9 Acresfield Avenue, Auden-

(*Continued in previous column*)

NEW XWORD OFFER—Cash and HOLIDAYS!

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 732

1. A man isn't so popular with his workmates if he keeps losing
3. The effect of this on an oak tree may be very noticeable
5. Doing this better than others is a gift which some people have
8. Railings are commonly characterized by some kind of this
11. It may well become difficult to do this when water is low
13. Just where needed, this can be as good as a step up
14. Sometimes comes off most unexpectedly
15. Many people would regard it as this should one spiv cheat another of a large sum

Down Clues

2. Will help you to keep cool on broiling hot summer's day
4. Needs attention when water fails to go through it
6. If her boy owns a car, modern girl expects him to do this quite a lot
7. To do this has a softening effect
9. In many sports a player is the better for having a supple one
10. This of peace is opposed to Mars
12. You don't need to be artistic to appreciate the riot of colour often seen in this

£100 1st Prize plus

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2 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 727

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her old solicitor day and night for a month. I wouldn't buy it as a speculation, though I've no doubt it might be a good one. I'd buy it to live here—once I'd put it right."

Seth nodded and grinned. "There's a big old kitchen, an' eight bedrooms upstairs—room for everybody to live in an' a bit over—but it's all going to wrack an' ruin, worse than down here. Better have one, for the good of the house, while we're here."

At the bar a rather deaf old man, after some bellowed commands from Seth, served them two large gins from a green-and-gold china barrel. "Kept the best old Plymouth in that for donkeys' years," said Seth, "an' yer can still taste it. Well, I'm glad yer like it, Commodore. Nobby little do, this, eh?"

"Nobby's not the word, but I know what you mean, Seth. In a way I'm sorry I've seen this place," he went on, not without a trace of bitterness. "I've never known where I wanted to end my days. I've known for some time I couldn't go on wandering much longer. Getting too old, and ought to settle. Sometimes I've thought I ought to get back to the warm places, to sit in the sun somewhere and be where living's cheap and easy. But a lot of those places—perhaps most of 'em—aren't what they were. They don't want us there. And you don't know when they're going to blow up now. I'm thirty years too late. And I'm not really a countryman. I'd find it damned dull living in some village. Yet I don't like our cities, except London on about five thousand a year. But now I've seen what I want—this is it—the old shop, the pub here, and a nice little restaurant going in the coffee room, with the garden all trimmed up and meals outside there in summer. And it isn't mine. It can't be mine. And that's why I say I'm sorry I've seen it. It's tantalizing. And I don't want to be tantalized this morning. I've taken enough already today."

SETH gave him an odd look. "I'll bet I know what's wrong with yer, Commodore. You're bust, aren't yer?"

"Here's luck." The Commodore drank half his gin. "Yes, there's still a flavour of the old Plymouth. And you're quite right. I'm broke." He finished his drink.

Seth nodded complacently. "Thought so. Well," he added, quite amiably, "I've two rules. One is—nobody stops at White Hart for nothing. T'other is—I don't lend money." He picked up his glass and grinned at the Commodore over the top of it.

But this was one grin too many. "I'd keep on trying to buy this place if I were you, Hull. And thanks for the drink."

And before Seth could stop him, the Commodore had gone.

To be continued next week

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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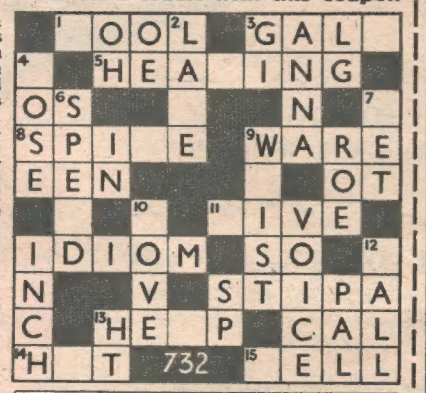
Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 12.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **732** Closing Postmark Monday, April 30

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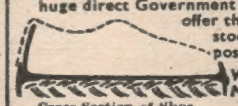

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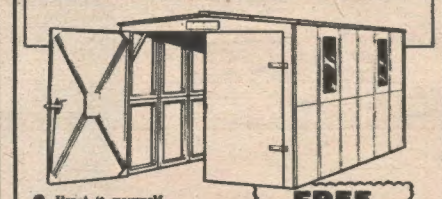

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